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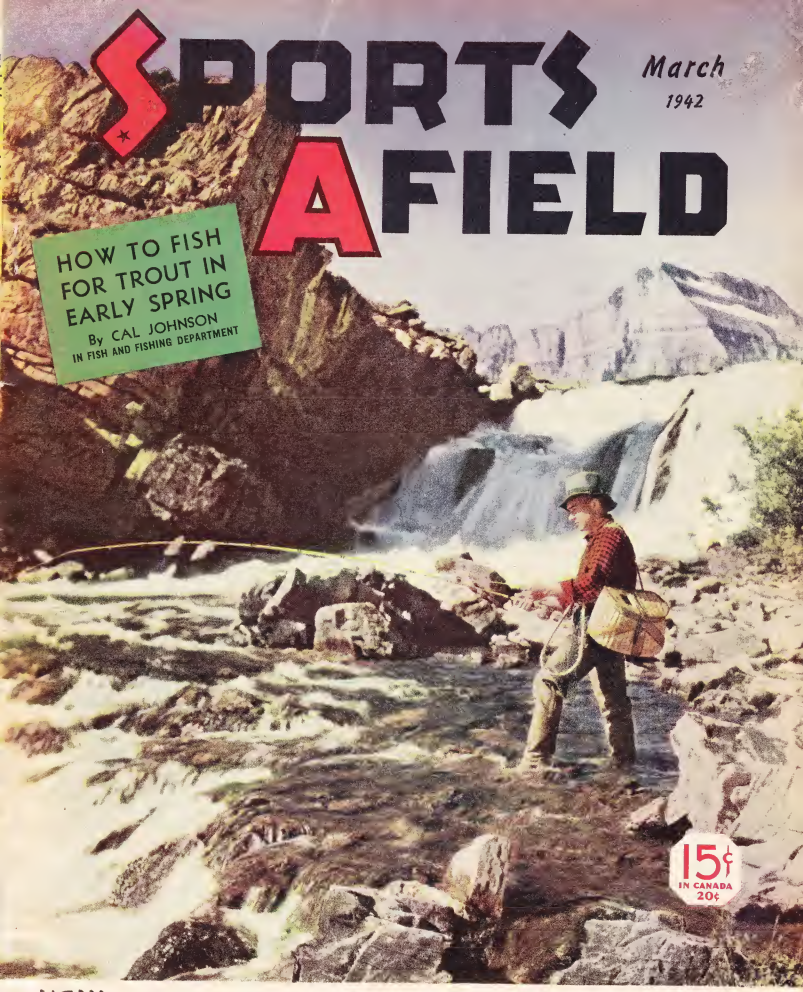


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March
1942

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Fifty-Sixth Year

MARCH, 1942

Vol. 107, No. 3

THE COVER



color photo by John Kabel

Trout Time

RIDING the wake of the March winds, the balmy days of spring transform the frozen trout streams into tumbling waters where leaping trout warm the cockles of the fisherman's heart and cast a spell about him that is good surcease from the cares that encumber these war-plagued days.

The thrill of the bending rod, the tugging line, the singing reel, the sight of a leaping, swirling, battling trout puts a finishing touch of satisfaction to the relaxation offered by Mother Nature along her winding paths of laughing trout streams.

The angler in the cover photo is fly casting for trout at the foot of Swift Current Falls, Glacier National Park, Mont. Stalwart Gould Mountain stands sentinel in the background.—*C. J.*

★

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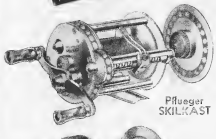
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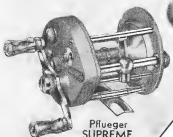
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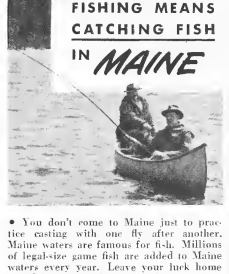
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Pacific Coast Fishing Conditions

FORTUNATELY for West Coast ocean anglers, the Pearl Harbor atrocity came at a time when the great game fishes had quit these waters in their annual cycle of migration to other climes and sportsmen had folded up their tackle for the "off" season. On the afternoon of the fateful December Seventh, all small boats and barges were ordered by Coast Guardsmen back to their home ports until further notice.

After a few blackouts at different Pacific Coast cities—mostly as rehearsals—the excitement subsided and early in January major ports were opened for ingress and egress of all small craft during daylight hours. Coast Guard permits are necessary for the boats, which must carry special numbers, and operators and passengers must carry proof of United States citizenship. In California, Santa Barbara, Hueneme, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Newport-Balboa and San Diego were designated by naval authorities as open to small craft and operators' licenses good until July 1 next.

Somewhat similar regulations are reported along the British Columbia and Mexican coasts.

I believe that while there are some large salmon and other fresh water fish to be taken in northern waters, and plenty of splendid scenery for camera purposes, the marlin, sailfish and tuna will hardly be taken any farther north than Santa Barbara, California.

Best fishing for marlin and sailfish is off Guaymas, Mexico, reached via Southern Pacific railway, and the best months for both are May and June. The Hotel Playa de Cortez, Guaymas, can give you more detailed information. They have boats for hire, and the fishing is close to a small island about 30 miles north of Guaymas. Weather is not so good, and one may miss a day or so occasionally due to rough water.

At Catalina Island the marlin usually show up in mid July, with runs as late as early November. Broadbill are found during the same period, but are far less plentiful. Sailfish very rarely come this far north, but in some years we have a fairly good run of dolphin during the hot months. Tuna may run anytime from May until November, though Tuna Club records show best months for these three species as follows: tuna, July; marlin, September; broadbill, September. At Catalina there are very few days of rough water, and hardly any so rough as to prevent fishing. More and better boats are to be had at Catalina, and they are manned by excellent guides and gaffers.
—*Roy F. B. Shaver.*

* * *

Trout Fishing in the Black Hills Region

H.J., CHARITON, IOWA.—In reply to your questions regarding the Black Hills, several of the railroads that touch on the Hills section of South Dakota have escorted tours of the all-expense type. The region also is tapped by highways with excellent roads through the whole of the Hills.

There are good camping grounds and trailer parks in the region, also a number of cottage camps so that from the viewpoint of accommodations you would not be left out in the dark. It would be difficult off-hand to tell you which portion of the Black Hills is the most interesting. The truth of the matter is that with two weeks at your disposal it will be possible virtually to "see it all." Of course that is saying a great deal and the statement may be open to question.



This is his first musky, although he's an old-timer who has taken many close-to-record fish. The angler is Ted Vobejda, of Cass Lake, Minnesota. He caught the 27½-pound mutky on that lake.

On the highways you will find many of the star attractions of the Hills such as Custer State Park, the Wind Cave National Park, the Needles, Harney Peak, Sylvan Lake, Mount Rushmore, immortal Deadwood, the fabulous gold mines of the Hills.

In regard to the fishing, you will find that it is mostly for trout. The streams of the Black Hills are not numerous but, as they are, they are important. The chief two are Rapid River and the Spearfish, in both of which I have, in past years, had unusual fishing. In this respect I may mention that the government has trout hatcheries in the Hills, most of the output of which is placed in the creeks and streams of the Black Hills.

Both the Rapid River and the Spearfish have produced some unusually large rainbow trout. The largest to have come from the Rapid River, I believe, weighed 15 pounds, although some almost as large have been taken in the Spearfish. I must add, however, that if you wish to get these large trout you had better get on location quite early, around the opening of the trout season in the Black Hills region.

Your average trout will run a half pound to a pound for large. The sporting goods stores in Rapid City will give you information as to the best lures to use, especially flies. You will find that salmon eggs, as everywhere in the west, are used a great deal.

It is pretty hard in print to tell of the charm of the Black Hills. One has to see it to appreciate it. It is a part of the west and yet quite removed from the west of the Rocky Mountains region. It is virtually an oasis in the plains region, a most astonishing region with no end to attractions. It is well worth seeing any way that you go there. The accommodations are of the best.—*Robert Page Lincoln.*

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., FISHING TOURNEY

The Third Annual Thousand Dollar St. Johns County Fishing Tournament will open June 15, and will continue through the summer, closing October 1. For entry in this contest, contact St. Augustine News Bureau, St. Augustine, Florida.

Marlin and Tuna Fishing, Cat Cay, Bahama Islands

G. H., NEW YORK CITY—The marlin and tuna season does not go into effect until some time after May 15 at Cat Cay in the Bahama Island group off Miami, Florida. The annual Cat Cay Tuna Tournament opened the past year on May 27, which will give you an idea of when the big guns go after the tail walkers in the Gulf Stream.

We fished last year at Cat Cay and adjoining region for marlin and tuna during the early part of May. There are no tuna around Cat Cay in the winter, May and June being the time they arrive in the British West Indies.

The marlin come in the month of November but not in large numbers. There is then a run for a week or a month. From November to April there is a scattered run, with the heavy run occurring from April to August.

When the tuna come through on migration they are heading north for the coast of New England and Nova Scotia where sport fishing for them during the summer is one of the most thrilling of fishing events. In northern waters they fatten up considerably. When they are on migration in the spring, going north past Cat Cay and this island region, they are quite lean. On this migration there seem to be few small tuna. Most all of them are large.

Trips out to Cat Cay, from Miami, are being made more or less regularly, although the number of cruise boats available at Miami for such trips is limited. Generally when a boat leaves Miami for Cat Cay, or Bimini, the guests stay right on board the boat, which ties up at night at the various docks. Usually on a trip of the sort there are four guests and the average cost is $40 a day. The boat furnishes the tackle which, of course, is rather specialized.

There is something especially interesting about a trip out into this Gulf Stream region. Aside from the fact that there are world's record fish all around you at times, there are hosts of other fish to be taken, including sailfish, barracuda and many others. There is never an idle moment while you are cruise-fishing off Cat Cay.—*Robert Page Lincoln.*





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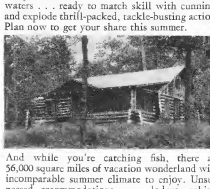
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Walleye Pike Waters Abundant in Minnesota

A. F. M., LINCOLN, NEB.—If the state of Minnesota has any one thing in the line of fishing waters then it is walleye pike lakes. Some of these are large in area, such as Leech, Cass, Mille Lacs, Whitefish, Vermilion, the Red Lakes, Kabetogama and Basswood, not to forget the southern part of Lake of the Woods which is now being fished more and more out of Warroad, Baudette, and other points.

Walleye pike fishing out of Warroad, Minnesota, is best as soon as the season opens and from then on, tapering off for three weeks to a month. Lake Kabetogama is best from May 15 on to June 15.

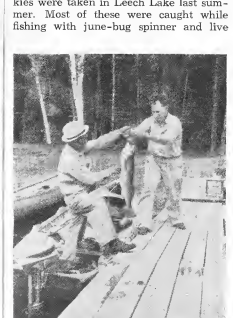
Basswood Lake, which lies partly in Minnesota and partly in Canada, is probably one of the best pike lakes in the north. This lake is reached from Winton and Ely, Minnesota. Aside from walleye pike, you will find that Basswood Lake has splendid northerns and, in North Bay of that lake, there are large lake trout to be had by deep trolling. Early season fishing on Basswood is in line with the best to be had.

Lake Bemidji, Cass Lake and Lake Winnibigoshish all have a considerable reputation as walleye pike producers. Pike Bay of Cass Lake, I would say, is best, while in Winnibigoshish I like the northern shore, not far west of the Cutfoot Sioux entrance, best. The north and west shores are favored, especially in the early part of the season. There are some large muskies in Lake Winnie.

Pike fishing is little short of an industry at Leech Lake in the summer. Excellent accommodations, guides and boats in number. Don't forget that Leech Lake is also producing some muskies of note. I understand that something like 30 muskies were taken in Leech Lake last summer. Most of these were caught while fishing with june-bug spinner and live (or fresh) minnows for walleye pike. If you are in the Leech Lake region, you might care to look in on Lake Kabekona. It is connected with Leech Lake by a stream. Kabekona has produced, without doubt, some of the largest walleye pike in the state of Minnesota. This lake also has muskies.

By going to Park Rapids, Minnesota, you will be able to get into a great number of excellent walleye pike lakes. Not far from Park Rapids is the Detroit Lakes area where walleye pike lakes are numerous. Ottertail Lake is to the south. Also not a great distance from Detroit Lakes you can get into the Mahnomen Lakes section, exceptinally good pike, northern and bass lakes. This is on the Indian reservation.

Ten Mile Lake, at Hackensack, Minnesota, is excellent for large walleyes and I mean large ones. Whitefish Lake, near Cross Lake, north of Brainerd, annually produces fine walleye pike specimens. Trout Lake, a very deep lake near Whitefish, has unusually large northern pike.—*Robert Page Lincoln.*



Giant walleye pike. Back to camp with a walleye just the right size for stuffing with sage dressing and baking to a golden brown. This fine fish was taken while casting an underwater lure. The light-weight outboard motor propelled the fishermen to and from the feeding grounds.

Largemouth Bass Fishing, Fausse River, Louisiana

A. P. LANSING, MICH.—The use of the word "oxbow" as referring to lakes, so-called, in Arkansas and Louisiana, has to do with cutoffs where rivers have changed their course, thus leaving a loop of this or that river isolated but filled with water. You will find these "oxbows" along the Mississippi, the Ouachita, Red River, the Tickfaw and a number of other streams. Most of these have been caused in a natural way by a change in the course of the stream. Others have been changed by man's engineering efforts, put forth to straighten a river and so hurry the water along to prevent floods.

Some of the best bass fishing in Arkansas and Louisiana is found in these cut-offs. Bass range up to six and eight pounds in weight, although the average would run three to four pounds. Water in some of these cut-offs is quite clear, and some is real clear.

One of the most unusual examples of a river changing its course in Louisiana is the Fausse River, at New Roads, about 30 miles northwest of Baton Rouge. This lake is about 14 miles in length, and ranges from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width. This lake at one time was a part of the Mississippi River which, when it changed its course around about 1772, left this lake "by its lonesome."

The reputation of this lake as a bass lake is outstanding. It is possible that it is one of the best bass lakes in Louisiana. The bass taken here are all of the large-mouth variety, the average run being three to five pounds, with six for large. The record for the lake, I understand, is eight pounds.

It provides all sorts of fishing possibilities, both bait casting and fly fishing. The former, however, is most practiced and probably the most successful. Both underwater lures and

top-water popping lures can be used successfully. There are times in the winter when most excellent bass can be taken in this lake.

There is no closed season on bass in most of Louisiana. The limit is 20 bass a day, believe it or not! Some parishes have a closed season on fresh water game fish. You are advised to consult the sheriff of the parish before fishing.—*Robert Page Lincoln.*

Alberta Hunting Festival

HERE'S NEWS: During the first two weeks of October, 1942, visiting sportsmen to Alberta, Canada, may hunt and bag virtually every kind of game the province holds. This Hunting Festival has been planned to give visiting hunters a break. Two weeks may be all the time that hunters can spare to hunt this fall, and Alberta plans to give them a crack during those two weeks at whatever the province has to offer. A little arrangement of seasons, a two weeks' overlap from the first day of October will bring all game into season at one time, and give every hunter who can go there a chance to do diversified hunting.

The Hunting Festival is in no sense a game slaughter. Laws will govern the take. Hunters may take their legal limit of black or brown bear, grizzly, moose, deer, wapiti, cougar, wolf, coyote, mountain sheep and mountain goat, upland birds. Canada geese and ducks. So long as the game regulations are followed, the hunter will be given carte blanche.

Bookings are being made now for guides and outfitters. For particulars, write to: Dan Campbell, Director of Publicity, Parliament Buildings S 1-S A. Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.



Bass lake in The Quetico. It hasn't a name, but it's full of bass. Photographed in Quetico Provincial Park, Ontario, by Emil "Ogima" Anderson.



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Q—I get much pleasure from sculpturing wildlife in snow, but whenever I photograph my subjects, the white figures blend too well with white sky and landscape. What is my trouble?

A—Remove distracting backgrounds by silhouetting your sculpturing, using a yellow or red filter to darken the blue sky and brighten the foreground figure. Just as filters enhance snow detail, light falling from either side or rear gives roundness to your subjects. Synchro-flash shots taken in rather weak daylight will also give a dark, filtered sky effect.

⊰ ⊰ ⊰

Q—Crows provide me with year 'round sport for my camera as well as gun, but I find them extremely hard to creep up on. The crow is too small in the finished picture. What would you suggest?

A—The telephoto lens is one solution, but this involves considerable cost and is restricted to only the most expensive cameras. If you have an ordinary outfit, you can increase bird size, if detail is good, by enlarging only a portion of the negative. Better still, mount your camera on a limb in a crow rookery, set focus and exposure properly, then run a strong thread from the shutter trigger down through an eye hook to the ground and thence to your blind. Watch the bird through field glasses, and when the pose is right, trip the shutter.



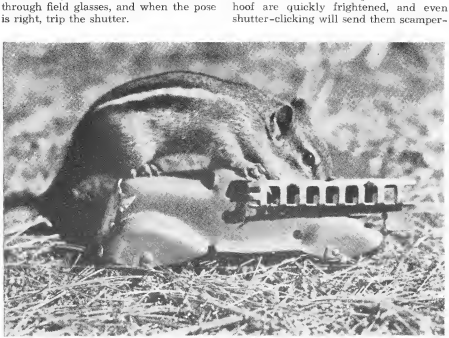
A yellow filter darkened the sky to enhance this bit of snow sculpturing. The mountain sheep was filmed by Henry H. Graham, Twin Falls, Idaho.

You ASKED FOR IT—

By ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

Q.—Several squirrels have made my cabin grounds their home, but their movements are too quick for my slow shutter speed. As a result my pictures are usually blurred or out-of-focus. How can I stop their movements?

A—Squirrels and chipmunks on the hoof are quickly frightened, and even shutter-clicking will send them scampering away. Coax them up with offerings of nuts or table scraps, and shoot them while they feed. In this sort of close-up work, a ground glass focusing camera is very helpful. Or use a portrait attachment disc over your regular lens and set your camera near the ground, focusing on an imaginary spot. Tie a nut to a dark thread running up to the shutter release, and let the animal take his own picture as he lifts the bait.



Food as lure, buried in this toy fire truck, permitted this chipmunk close-up at close range, taken by James A. Galbraith of Minneapolis. A wide aperture and a fast shutter speed are usually required when filming quick moving small game animals and birds.

⊰ ⊰ ⊰

Q.—Since I have taken to shooting 16mm movies, I now have some wonderful Kodachrome shots. What tips would you offer in titling my movies?

A—Your titles can be ready-made by any of the titling firms and cut into your movie, or you could add a personal touch by doing your own. Ingenuity plays a big part here, and titles can be made from jigsawed letters, baby blocks, alphabet soup, or typed and hand-set. Make titles express complete thoughts. Any of your darker snapshots will make good backgrounds for double-exposed titles. Simply film the background, rewind the film and expose the same footage on the title. The result will be superimposed lettering on an arty background.

Free Movies

If you are looking for free movie entertainment for your sportsman club, send a stamped, return-addressed envelope for our source list of 16mm outdoor films.—*Camera Editor*, SPORTS AFIELD, 710 Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

SPORTSMAN'S QUIZ

How Many of These 20 Questions Can You Answer?

Try these questions out on yourself and your sportsman friends. There are 20 questions. Count five for each statement that you check correctly. Perfect score is 100 points. THE KEY IS TO BE FOUND ON PAGE 71.

PREPARED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF SPORTS AFIELD

1. Each inch of barrel removed from a 32-inch 12-gauge barrel reduces the velocity of the load. What is this reduction for each inch of tube lopped off?

a. 25 f. s.
b. 30 f. s.
c. 5.6 f. s.
d. 10.25 f. s.

2. Cedar is often used for the planking of a small boat because:

a. It is light and durable.
b. It is impervious to dry rot.
c. Marine borers of saltwater never touch it.
d. It takes glossy paint of attractive colors better than any other wood.

3. If caught in a storm, for safety's sake which would be the best place to go?

a. The nearest tree.
b. A cave or a depression.
c. A close by hilltop.

4. Which of the following birds was once generally classified as a song instead of a game bird?

a. The pheasant.
b. The quail.
c. The ruffed grouse.
d. The prairie chicken.

5. What are lee boards as identified with a canoe?

a. Lengthwise planking in canoe bottom.
b. Drop boards used when sailing.
d. Outer strip of the gunwales.
e. Wooden brace pieces on which cane seats are lodged.

6. Which of these fish is seldom or never caught except with hook and line?

a. Tuna.
b. White sea bass.
c. Mackerel.
d. Albacore.

7. Which of the following is not a hawk?

a. Cooper's hawk.
b. Duck hawk.
c. Night hawk.
d. Goshawk.

8. Shotgun barrel lengths have shown a definite trend during the past six years to be:

a. Shorter in length.
b. Longer in length.
c. Lighter in weight.
d. Heavier in weight.

9. The horse power of the first twin cylinder outboard motor that weighed under 40 pounds was about:

a. One.
b. Two.
c. Two and three quarters.
d. Five.

10. Which of the following animals supply hair for shaving brushes?

a. Squirrel.
b. Badger.
c. Muskrat.
d. Wildcat.

11. The fastest swimming fish in fresh or salt water is:

a. The muskellunge.
b. The channel bass.
c. The bonefish.
d. The tarpon.
e. The kingfish.

12. When sitting in a blind waiting for wild ducks to approach the most important rule is for the hunter to:

a. Use decoys.
b. Sit motionless.
c. Stay silent.

13. Which of the following is not a member of the deer family?

a. Mule deer.
b. Elk.
c. Pronghorn.
d. Caribou.
e. Moose.

14. The 12-gauge shotgun is chambered for one of these cartridge lengths. Which is correct?

a. 2¾-inch case.
b. 3⅛-inch case.
c. 3 -inch case.

15. Pick out the one true statement in the following:

a. Airplanes are sometimes used to locate outboard motors dropped overboard.
b. Short canoes are easier to paddle than long ones.
c. Outboard propellers are nearly always brass or bronze.

16. Which of the following sea fishes is considered the most dangerous to man?

a. Barracuda.
b. Shark.
c. Swordfish.
d. Sawfish.

17. Which one of the following trout invariably leaps out of the water time and again when hooked?

a. The brown trout.
b. The rainbow trout.
c. The brook trout.
d. The lake trout.

18. Allison, yellowfin, dog-toothed and bluefin are prefixes to the name, designating four species of one of the following fishes listed by the International Game Fish Association. Choose one of the following fishes to which all prefixes apply.

a. Cod.
b. Bass.
c. Tuna.
d. Marlin.

19. Which of the following is not a grouse?

a. Spruce partridge.
b. Chukar partridge.
c. Prairie chicken.
d. Sage hen.

20. What is the bore diameter of the 10-gauge shotgun?

a. ¾ inch.
b. .60 inch.
c. 1 inch.
d. .775 inch.

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Down the rapids on the Brule River, which runs into Big Lake.

Memo—

FILE THIS BRULE DOPE

Wisconsin's famous Brule River continues to challenge trout fishermen. Use these tips!

By GORDON MAC QUARRIE

So YOU'RE going to fish the Brule . . . .

Why not? Everyone does, sooner or later. Understand, we ain't sayin' "Bully!" And we ain't sayin' "Don't!" We ain't sayin' *aren't*, either.

We are sayin': "Go forth, brother, to the feast or famine, as it may be, and if this piece doesn't answer all you yearn to know, write us a letter. We're nuts on the subject."

Many a campaign to the Bois Brule has resulted in very few fish, just as many have resulted in life-long remembered struggles with Gargantua. The Brule is whimsical. But year in, year out, it manages to place a fish or two in the real contests of the country. And above all, it has maintained the earmarks of a bang-up trout stream despite presidential fishings and accompanying barrels of printer's ink. The Brule can take it, and has.

It is well to get straightened out on the two Wisconsin Brules. The Bois Brule is the Douglas county (Wisconsin) Brule, and the hero of this yarn. Wisconsin's other Brule is over in the northeast corner of the state, forms part of the boundary between Wisconsin and Michigan's upper peninsula. Then there's another Brule 'way up on Minnesota's rugged Lake Superior shore. It is well to keep them separate, and to make no invidious comparisons, for there are days when any one of them will make t'others look pale around the gills.

A strange thing, this affection of men for rivers where trout dwell. The Brule is a case in point. Fishermen of ability, though beaten here time and again, keep coming back for the holy grail that was just out of reach last time. Zane Grey once said something like that about the Rogue. Knowing of the Brule, we understood perfectly how he felt.

We have heard preachers cuss by the banks of the Brule. One of beloved memory, fingering a parted leader, just broken by a big rainbow after he had changed to the light leader to gain invisibility of terminal tackle, remarked:

"I should have known better. The Great Book says, 'The fool returneth to his folly as the dog to his vomit.' "

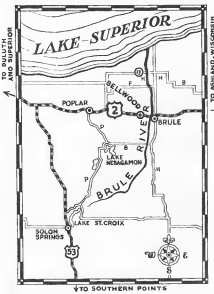
THE surging Brule has wrenched less classic utterances from others of our ilk, but preacher or layman, no man ever went to it without coming back at least partially reconstructed as to soul.

This Brule of the short, easy name, this creek of the north which slides down from the highland swamp to grim Lake Superior—just what is it like? How did it get that way? What are my chances?

We would prefer to come at the answer to that last query at greater length, for the Brule teaches a man to spar, but for the time being be it simply uttered—"Let the buyer beware!"



Big Lake—favored haunt of the big browns.



Sketch map of the Brule River and highways. The Bois Brule is 66 miles long by government survey. You can travel from source to mouth almost all the way by automobile.

What is it like?

We r'ar back in the chair for that one. We burn a fragrant pipe and haul off—

It is 66 miles long by government survey. You can travel from source to mouth almost all the way by car and not go much over 40.

With an airplane you could lop miles off that.

Originally it was a brook trout stream, and a good one. But never so good a one as the Nipigon, on the north shore. We have that upon the

word of the late Hank Denny, Brule guide, who, before he died about nine years ago, told us that stories of giant Brule brooks of Nipigon proportion were not so in the old days. "Five, six and seven pounders, yes. But never more and those were rare. And I'm talking about 40 years ago."

In the 80's the old U.S. fish commission planted browns and rainbows in Lake Superior and they found their way up the Brule. Here we quote another old-timer, also fishing now in streams patrolled by St. Peter, the late George Babb, of Lake Nebagamon—

"I'll never forget the first rainbow I caught. It was in the 90's on the upper river. I was a brook trout fisherman. So help me, I didn't know what in time it was, and it weighed three pounds."

Thus, like many another trout stream, the Brule has been a transition river. Time was when native brook trout were there in such numbers that the birch bark scroll of Joe Lucius' old hotel saw its pages turned pretty fast to include all of the visiting fishermen and their prodigious catches. Lumber camps fed their men on Brule brookies and in winter crews went in there and netted them out by the ton, from ponds and spring holes, for the fancy restaurant trade.

Time passed. The waters warmed some, although not as much as other streams nearby. And gradually the rainbow run, each spring, came to be a dominant note in the trouty symphony of the Bois Brule. At the same time, the browns were gaining a foothold. The brookies hung on—are still hanging on—especially in the cold, upper river. To this day there are old-timers of the Brule species who hold the planting of anything but brook trout is an invasion of their sacred rights.



Warden Ray Anderson nets a little keeper on the Bois Brule.



The Brule River at Highway No. 2 bridge.



Warden Ray Anderson of Lake Nebagamon, Wis. (see map)

The Brule maintains the earmarks of a bang-up trout stream.



The Brule also saw log drives. These changed it some, but happily, not much. The important water-retentive timber of the upper river was never logged and to this day millions of white cedars and considerable Norway and white pine attest to the useful role played by wealthy land holders in the early days. These men, buying great timbered tracts, kept them from the axe. The springs were preserved and the result is the Brule stands up, cool and full, while neighboring streams like the Amnicon and the Middle, died as trout streams when the timber went from their banks.

But let us not get too detailed right off about this place. That can wait.

The thing to do is for fishermen just to toss their gear in a car and go up there for their own look-see. The Guy Who Has Been There will fend for himself, once arrived. He will find the places in the Brule's 66 miles that he likes. And he will find the places he does not like.

Getting there is simple. Many fishermen will drive into the Brule country over US-2, the "air-conditioned" highway which traverses the northern portions of six northern states—Idaho, Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan—crossing the Brule River at the little town of Brule, Wisconsin, almost midway between Superior and Ashland, Wisconsin. Major highways from the south tap US-2 all along the route. A short distance west of the town of Brule is Bellwood, modern cabin camp, where many old-time and new Brule fishermen make their headquarters.

Many of those who come from south of the Brule country probably will find themselves, some fine day, rolling north on U.S. highway 53, up through the northwest *(Continued on page 56)*

Pronghorns of Pumpkin Butte

Antelope hunting in the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming

By FRANCIS C. ZUIKER



"Splits" scans the plains for a herd.



That one last look cost this young antelope his life.

THE night was as black as pitch. The air was cold. I sat alone on the running board of my car parked in a back yard in Sheridan, Wyoming, in the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains. The minutes dragged like hours.

"Be ready at one a.m.," "Splits" had warned me.

It was now two. My teeth had begun to chatter from cold before Andrew "Splits" Mentock finally drove down from Monarch, 10 miles to the north. We lost no time in ranting.

By three a.m. we had managed to gather together John, Mike and "Big shot" George Muso and had turned the car toward Gillette, 115 miles to the southeast.

Big game and I were strangers. In Chicago, where I live, you're lucky if you can go rabbit hunting. For four years "Splits" and I had fished together every time my vacation took me to Sheridan, but when he told me that the antelope season opened in September, I delayed my vacation long enough to get in on it. I didn't have a rifle but I did have a Graflex camera, and I was just as happy to do my shooting that way.

Mile after mile our lights probed the turns of the oiled road. Outside of "Splits," I had never met any of the other boys on the trip, but it didn't take me long to get acquainted. Before we had travelled many miles, I found out every little move that had been made on the last hunt. Between Mike and John, they almost had Muso in tears with their jibes about his shooting prowess. All of them had hunted together for years. Deer, elk, antelope and bear were the regular bill of fare for that bunch every year. They don't often come back without game.

The dawn was just breaking when we rolled into Gillette and met two more of our party, George Millio from Newcastle, and his nephew, Jack. Only one more was to join us. That was our guide, Blake Craft. Blake had met the group the previous year in Gillette when they had come in after a morning's hunt with only one buck for the five of them. He then undertook to

guide them to the ranch of Bill Fortner, 30 miles east of town, and all of them had filled in their permits before sundown. He had agreed to guide them again this year. After a hasty breakfast, we headed southwest for the wide open spaces near Pumpkin Butte.

A few miles out of town the country swelled into a sea of rolling, stretching hills that flowed like giant rollers to a hazy horizon in the distance. Occasionally flat topped buttes added contrast, but not a tree or bush bigger than sage brush was in evidence. We saw a few tiny, toy-like ranch houses, bleached from sun and wind. Specks among the sage acted suspiciously like game.

Suddenly "Splits" grabbed my arm.

"There they are! A half dozen of them."

I SAW them as they bounded away to a distant knoll and watched us. As our destination was the ranch of Bill Fortner, I watched them fade into the distance as we moved away. At every turn in the road more antelope appeared, mostly does, but plenty of bucks too.

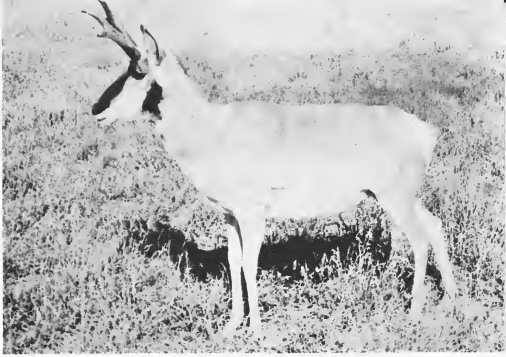
Gradually we lost the car behind in the distance. Mike persuaded us to wait for them. For a quarter of an hour we waited, but the winding road showed no sign of them. At last "Splits" dug out a telescope and scanned the country for miles.

"I guess the 'Big Shot' got overanxious," he growled, "We might just as well go back after them. They'll never find the cutoff to the ranch without Blake."

For 10 miles we rode back along that road, our tempers getting shorter with every mile. A few miles from town, Mike nudged me.

"Look! Out there—the 'Big Shot'!"

The other car was perched on a little hill, far out on the prairie. Someone had already got a buck, and the wildly gesticulating Mr. Muso was hurrying toward us. I don't know who won the round of words, but Mr. Millio had his buck, a flat tire, and the honest acclamation of Mr. Muso, who claimed that Mr. Millio had downed the antelope at 600 yards with his .30'06 Winchester.



The pronghorn is a keen observer, and not much happens on the plains that he does not see. Curiosity will hold him motionless, but when he makes up his mind—watch him scoot.

In 10 minutes we were again on our way, this time to wind through miles of sage covered hills where sage hens jumped at every turn. The minute we landed on the ranch, the antelope suddenly disappeared, and for awhile I wondered if I would get the pictures I was after. The young sheep herder we had met in the ranch yard soon dispelled these thoughts. "Right over that hill there's at least 50 head," he pointed.

Just as we got back into the cars to drive through the sage to the hills, our other guide showed up. He was bewhiskered Bill Fortner, owner of the ranch, and a man who really knows his antelope.

Out through the last gate we drove, and over a small hill. As soon as we reached the crest, I saw them, a big herd way off in the corner of the valley. They picked up their heels and a cloud of dust rose in their wake.

"Don't shoot till you're all planted," Bill warned us. "If you do, they'll be in the next county before you can move."

MUSO was the first to get out. That herd was too much for him and he wanted to be ready. John found a spot on the crest of a hill and a half mile away Splits put me in the charge of Mike. The last I saw of Bill and "Splits," they were bounding across the sage brush in the car, headed for the distant corner of the range of hills.

Mike and I worked our way cautiously to the brow of the hill and looked over. The band was still below but they showed signs of nervousness. Gradually they worked their way toward the "Big Shot's" position, and a moment later I heard his .30/40 Krag booming away. The band split in a moment and disappeared.

We ducked into a little arroyo and waited to see what would happen. It came sooner than we expected. Over the hill towards John, came a buck and two does. We watched the dust kick up behind the buck as the report came drifting down. The buck stiffened suddenly on the second shot.

That made two down. Mike looked anxiously for something to try his luck on. A moment later a nice buck came bounding between the cut in the hills a couple hundred yards away. Mike's first shot was high. The second kicked up *(Continued on page 70)*

Loaded up for the trip back to the ranch house.



Doc's A CARD

"Give me an E string for a bait leader every time!" says Doc, whose fiddle is a source of fishing leaders when he runs out of manufactured ones. Doc is a fisherman and story-teller extraordinary.

By HAROLD W. PRIPPS

Doc will go fishing at the drop of a hat. He's one of the old school of rural veterinaries whom the present mechanized civilization has left with lots of time on his hands but very little cash. He'll get up in the middle of the night to go clean across the county with some farmer who has thumped him out of bed to take care of a sick critter and come back at daybreak with a sack of potatoes for pay. He has developed a homely philosophy and sense of humor which make him a very pleasant fishing companion indeed.

The neighbors have a number of amusing stories to tell about him. One of them had a big black curly haired dog which would invariably charge at Doc when he was on his way home from some country dance with his fiddle under his arm. This dog was a bad actor and one night he tore out the seat of Doc's trousers. Doc was mad. The first thing next morning he warned friend neighbor to keep his dog tied up at night or he'd stick him like he would a pig.

The wee hours of the next Sunday morning found Doc trudging home. The night was black as ink. Presently Doc was hiking down an old cow trail which led through some scrub oak adjoining the farm of the neighbor who owned the vicious animal. It was on this trail that Doc usually encountered the dog so he was all set, for Doc had a little extra courage that night because the fiddler at a country dance was a popular fellow and the drinks had come pretty fast.

Suddenly there was a terrible growl and here the big black dog was on him. Doc, as I said, was ready with his old pig sticker in his hand. He stuck and slashed so fast he'd bet "that old pooch thought he was in a food chopper." The dog was plenty tough though. Doc had most of his clothes torn off and his hand badly chewed before his stickaree finally won the day and the critter gasped his last breath.

Doc was dead sober by this time and all keyed up to go to the mat with his neighbor. Imagine his astonishment when he arrived there to find the big black dog he thought he had killed tied up to an oak tree with a logging chain, "bellerin' hell's bells," as Doc put it. The racket with Doc's yelling woke up the neighbor and he came out blinking with a lantern to see what the infernal ruckus was. After tying up Doc's mauled hand the two of them set out with the lantern to see which neighbor's dog Doc had actually tangled with. Imagine their astonishment when they found that Doc had killed a big



ILLUSTRATED BY RAMON CHESSON



"I could see by the pained expression on his face that something had gone wrong."

black bear! When questioned later, Doc had this to say:

"Why didn't I save the hide for evidence? Why hell an' Maria, it was so full of holes you could have used it for a skeeter nettin'."

Doc, as I intimated before, lived a kind of a hand to mouth existence. One day my friend Jack thought he'd give him some work so he could earn a little extra cash. He sent one of his boys over to see Doc, who listened politely, and then delivered this gem, "You go home and tell your Dad I'm 65 years old, raised seven children and never did a day's work in my life, and I don't intend to start now. Besides there's only 10 cents an hour difference in this country between a man who works and one who doesn't work. What's more, it's usually the man who doesn't work who has the 10 cents. Go home and tell him that."

I can get quite a head of steam up telling stories about Doc and I should be getting on with my fishing story but here's one more rare one about him, that happened to us.

A NUMBER of years ago we were camping in a tent on the Pine, one of Wisconsin's good trout streams. I had gone fishing as usual. My wife and daughter were alone in camp when Doc called for a visit. After exchanging the usual greetings Doc's eye lit on my camp axe. He picked it up and was looking disapprovingly at its dull edge. He got to his feet with the axe in hand and for a moment my wife thought he was going to chop some wood for her. But not Doc.

"This is no shape for a good axe to be in!" he complained. "How does your husband expect you to chop wood with a dull axe?"

He disappeared down the trail with the axe. After a while he came back with it sharpened to a razor edge.

"There now," he said to my wife, "you'll find that a lot better!"

These stories and others ran through my mind as I drove out to Doc's place from town, one pleasant June evening.

It looked as though there was the usual period of suspended animation about his place as I drove into the clearing. Not a leaf stirred and even the hound dog, who usually jumped and bayed his greeting, lay stretched at full length before the stoop. The smoke from the cabin chimney floated straight upward so I knew Doc was about. It was that magic hour before sunset. It seemed like the trout might rise on an evening like this, and I had come to see if I could get him to go fishing with me.

"Hi Doc!" I yelled. "How about trying the Pine this evening?"

Doc came to the door with his steel rimmed specs on the end of his nose to see who had disturbed the peace of his quiet clearing.

"Hello stranger, where'd ye come from?" Without waiting for my answer, he went on: "Sure I'll go, but wait'll I give these few dishes a lick and a promise and I'll be with you."

"Hustle Doc, we haven't much daylight left!"

I could hear him stirring about *(Continued on page 52)*



Brown trout from the Pine River, Wisconsin.



"Pardon the grin!" says Mr. Sayre. Who wouldn't grin after hauling in this 16-pound steelhead?

DID YOU SAY *Steelhead?*

There is no fish like the steelhead of the Pacific Coast in winter—and no clan of fishermen so active as the steelheaders.

By MEL SAYRE

THE foreman of the road crew hitched his "tin pants" a notch higher, glared at us defiantly, and said:

"It'll take anyway four hours to get that bridge back in. And there's nothing you can do about it."

He appeared to be right. The bridge, a log affair spanning a creek, was out—definitely. And our car was on the wrong side of a gaping hole in a one-way road, only connection between the upper Queets River Valley and the outside world.

During the forenoon, while my wife and I were testing miles of riffles and pools for steelhead, the foreman and his road crew came in behind us and "jerked out" the bridge for repairs.

We came upon this unhappy situation on a winter noon, after a forenoon of fishing had yielded us just one steelhead, a lusty 10-pounder that took my hook just after dawn. There had not been another strike, and we were convinced there wasn't another steelhead in the Queets.

And now we had four hours to kill.

Wearily, I headed the car around and we started back up the tumultous, glacier-fed stream that flows down off the Olympic Mountains of northwestern Washington in a short, swift dash to the Pacific.

WE HAD gone less than a mile when I glimpsed what appeared to be an ideal stretch of steelhead water. Tumbling across a wide gravel bar in a white cascade, the stream swept past a huge log jam, then broadened into a deep, wide pool.

"That," said I, pulling the car up beside a big spruce tree, "is as good a place as I want for killing an afternoon."

"As far as I am concerned, I'll just get rid of those four hours right here," said the wife, snuggling up on the car cushion.

I got my tackle back together in a leisurely fashion, fussing with my reel for a while, checking the leaders and even taking time to sharpen a hook or two. There seemed to be no reason for hurry. I felt certain there were no hungry steelhead in the Queets anyway.



This stretch of the Queets River, Washington, is good steelhead water. On the far side is a swift, deep "run," overhung by thick brush and trees.

But after I had tramped across the wide gravel bar and stood beside the pool, my frame of mind improved considerably. That piece of water looked perfect. I knew, and any steelhead fisherman would have known, that if there was a steelhead anywhere in the Queets River, that steelhead would have been happy to fan his pelvic fins against the bottom of that pool and call it home.

Still . . . I couldn't forget the disappointments of the morning. So I didn't pay much attention to my first cast, just flipped out the bait and let it drift with the current.

THEN it happened! The bottom of the river jumped up, grabbed my hook and began turning somersaults.

Have you, Mister, ever been on the business end of a line that a steelhead was trying to tear to shreds? If you have, you know what I went through in the following half hour. If you haven't, cold, black and white words couldn't convey the thrills, the despairs and the moments of utter panic, anyway. So we'll just skip over that battle by saying that the steelhead played me masterfully and that when it was all over 16 pounds of steelhead, fresh-run from the ocean and "bright as a dollar," lay on the rocks at my feet.



Coming in, but still battling! This steelhead's lusty fight broke the rod tip.



The catch. The writer's wife displays four attractive steelhead taken in one day's fishing, thanks to a road crew that "jerked out" the bridge over the Queets.

Whenever I get a steelhead safely on shore, I sound off with the loudest whoop my tonsils will accommodate—sort of a release for pent-up emotions and under-the-breath prayers bottled up during the fight. As I did so this time, I thought certainly my outburst must have shaken loose a few avalanches from the glaciers in the mountains far above me. Perhaps it did, but it didn't arouse my slumbering wife.

So, with my steelhead in one hand, my rod in the other and my creel banging against my side, I ran and stumbled the quarter-mile to the car.

"Look what goes on," I gasped, pulling at my wife's shoulder with one hand and holding up my prize with the other.

IT SEEMED to me she scarcely paused to rub the sleep from her eyes, just grabbed her rod and tackle and headed for that pool, with me dangling along behind.

When her tackle was rigged, she sent a cast out beside the log jam, into the deepest, most promising water in the pool. We stood silently, breathlessly, awaiting the "explosion."

Nothing happened.

Another cast; another disappointment.

"Guess maybe my steelhead was a singleton," I said.

My wife said nothing, just laid out another beautiful cast.

"Darn it, I'm snagged," she muttered suddenly as the drifting bait suddenly jerked to a stop far from shore.

"Let's see if I can work it loose," I said, reaching for the rod.

I never got hold of the rod. As I reached out, the bait, line and rod came to life and a streak of living green and silver arced up out of the water beside the log jam.

"Boyoboyoboy, you really are snagged," I grinned.

There *(Continued on page 51)*

Capricious Bass

By CLEMENT CROUCH

"Try them out!" urged the sender of the gay colored lures which the author defines as hybrids. He tested them on Minnesota bass.



"I did marvel that any lure could attract a fish to the surface from water so deep."

THEY were funny looking lures the first time I saw them. They came in the mail at the tag end of a long, hard winter, and they were like a breath of spring, their gay colors contrasting sharply with the smoky sky outside. Often during that interminable winter I had inspected all my old lures and pored over all those illustrated in magazines and tackle catalogs. Nowhere else had I seen anything quite like these that came in the mail with a request to try them out when the season should open.

They were surface lures but they didn't classify easily; the nearest I can come to it is to say that they were a cross between a conventional floating plug and a streamer fly. They were certainly hybrids. The heads were much like those on orthodox plugs but the bodies were short and stubby, only about a third the length of an ordinary bait-rod plug and weighted to half an ounce. The hook on the tail was concealed by hackle with streamer feathers extending beyond.

But it was the colors that were particularly exciting. Bodies, hackle and streamers were various combinations of white, brown, black, green, bright reds and yellows.

They looked like something the big bass might really covet. After admiring them frequently for several days, I placed them away carefully in my spare tackle box.

Other things intervened. The trout season opened. And some way or other I forgot all about the new bass lures.

* * *

In August the largemouths quit hitting suddenly as they do sometimes in hot weather.



"Every strike came after the lure had been on the water an appreciable length of time and while it was either motionless or had just been popped."

Some fishing writers say bass may be taken with comparative ease in warm weather if you fish early enough or late enough and give the fish what they want. The joker in that is to find out what the fish want. It may be my fault but, darn it, I've struck times in lakes I knew to be good when the bass wouldn't hit anything I had any hour in the 24. I guess the writers don't say much about the times they come home empty-handed. But then, fish are necessarily the essence of an angling story.

ANYWAY, the bass wouldn't take our offerings. Ordinarily I shouldn't have cared. I catch my share of fish even though they do not always come exactly when I want them. There is always another day. But this happened to be a very special occasion: Fred had come from far off to fish with me for bass in the Detroit Lakes region of Minnesota where bass fishing is usually excellent. Two weeks were all he had and one was gone already. Of course he had the memory of the four-pounder he had taken that first day, but one bass hardly makes a vacation.

Day after day we fished almost from morning until night in this lake and that. Such persistence should be rewarded but the reward seemed a long time coming. There were occasional strikes, of course, but excepting the four-pounder there was nothing to write home about or worth photographing.

On a particularly hot, calm day I

rested in the shade on a bank and thought of the bass I had caught right here in this lake and dreamed of the lake just over the hill where the fishing is always better. Finally I dozed.

Fred shook me violently.

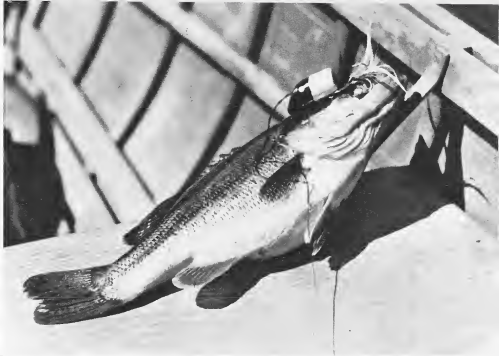
"What the hell are these?" he asked.

I LOOKED, blinking, and sat up. He held two of the forgotten lures, two of the more brightly colored ones. Apparently he had been into my spare tackle box, previously unopened since late winter.

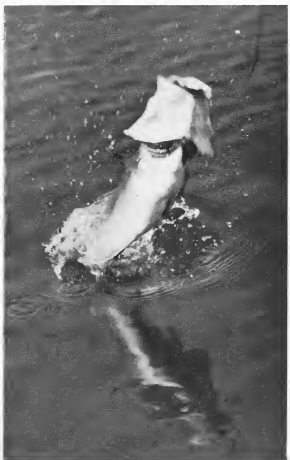
"I don't know exactly. They're nameless so far as I know, but grab your outfit and we'll try them!" I said.

"You're crazy as a loon! But so am I! Let's go!" he answered.

Upon second thought my enthusiasm dampened somewhat. These were



One of the Minnesota bass taken on the funny looking lure.



"Just then the water exploded on the other side of the boat where Fred was casting."

"Fred cast to the same place, waited, twitched the lure, waited, moved the lure—and a big bass struck it with the ferocity of a bull."

down, we trolled one of the new lures down to the point and on the way darned if he didn't snag a three-pound walleye. What the fish was doing at the surface on a hot day like this was too much for me to explain; I guessed it must be sick but the battle it put up belied that theory.

Fred looked at me with raised brows, then we both laughed.

At the point I stopped the motor and took the oars. The bank there is steep, slanting off into deep water, but in places there are patches of aquatic vegetation reaching almost to the surface. Previous seasons we had taken bass there in mid-summer, but generally by bottom fishing with live bait. Then they usually seemed lackadaisical, mouthing the bait and never striking in the true sense. The thrill of quick, smashing strikes was always missing.

Upon the first cast Fred hooked the biggest, fattest, yellow-bellied sunfish I ever saw. He fought like a bass, jumped clear of the water once, the only time I ever saw a sunfish do this.

"Some bait!" he said.

"Yeah! but let's see you hook a bass!" I answered, enjoying the fun as much as he.

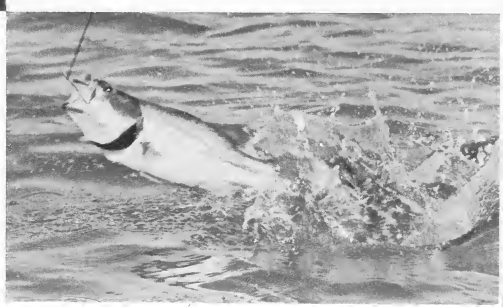
I selected one of the more mildly colored hybrids, hooked it on and cast out. On the retrieve it did not act very well, it acted sluggish, so I removed the wire leader and tied the lure directly to the line. Then it acted better and became a good popper.

THIS WAY and that I cast, popping the bait, reeling slowly, speeding it up, becoming accustomed to the lure's action. It certainly looked like something alive in the water, diving and darting about, the long streamers waving animatedly. In the right time and place, I thought, this lure should incite even lethargic bass into frenzied action. But this was certainly neither the time nor the place for such a lure.

Just then the water exploded on the other side of the boat where Fred was casting. I turned and looked in time to see a good-sized bass hanging in the air from the gaily-colored freak he had tied to his line. The bass dropped back, leaped again immediately and we *(Continued on page 50)*

surface lures. Naturally the bass would be in deep water. Experience the past several days had shown that they didn't even care particularly for deep-running lures. But the decision had been made. I took down my line from where I had hung it to dry. Fish are crazy sometimes, too.

With the little outboard throttled



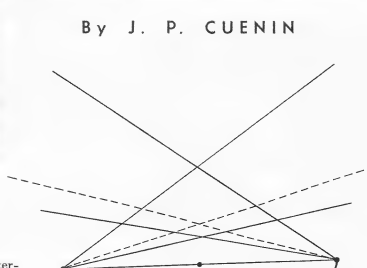


Jules P. Cuenin, the author, not only is one of the finest skeet shots in the nation, having won the California state skeet title in 1935 with 100 straight and other championships, but also he is an expert fisherman. He is one of America's most versatile outdoor writers. He conducts a daily column in the San Francisco Examiner.

Unknown ANGLE SKEET

Here's a new skeet game which will bring into play practical upland game guns and at the same time will do away with too many "100 straights." Here the shooter can't determine in advance how far he will lead or hold under.

By J. P. CUENIN



The lines of dashes show the lines of flight of regulation skeet targets. The solid lines, one four yards and the other 14 yards outside of the station 8 post, show the extreme inside and outside lines of flight of unknown angle targets in the new game.

When skeet was given to the upland and waterfowl hunters, it was just what was needed to stimulate interest in clay target shooting among many shotgun users who never cared for trapshooting.

Skeet was something entirely new in a shooting sport. It was not only different from anything else, but it was helpful to the game bird hunter to a far greater degree than the old 15 yard and handicap blue-rock style shooting.

Skeet was, and still is, a better game to teach a shotgun novice the art of wing shooting than is the older game of trap shooting, for it gives the gun pointer chances at outgoing, incoming and left and right crossing shots at all of the angles at which shots must be taken at flying game birds.

However, with the guns and loads being used by many class A shooters, it is not difficult for them to hit any of the targets. All they have to do is to be able to concentrate on shot after shot until they have broken 100 straight, and then continue to concentrate on 50 to 100 more targets in order to win the tie into which they managed to get themselves by breaking the first 100.

Competitive skeet today is an endurance contest. Of course, skill in gun pointing is required, but the winner in each Class A event is the one who, with a gun throwing the widest possible spread at 22 yards, can keep his mind entirely on hitting "in the groove" targets at a point where he knows they will be when he fires. If he permits nothing to distract him, he will "go straight."

Even if we disregard competitive skeet and think only of the average field shooter who wants a clay target game that will give him sport and help him to become a better game shot, regulation skeet doesn't fill the bill completely because the target flight and lead are always the same from each station. There is no variation of angle or distance, so the shooter is not compelled to judge his lead AFTER seeing the target, and he therefore learns "spot" shooting, or firing "in the groove."

In present day match shooting with spray nozzle guns it is no longer worthy of mention when a man breaks 100 in a row. Quite often the sensational news passed around at a big time shoot is that Bill Whosis actually MISSED ONE.

Lack of enforcement of the gun position rule, and raising the low trap so that the flights of both targets are almost alike, have made the game easier for the top flight shooters, but even if the referees made the boys hold their guns down to the proper spot, and if the low traps were on the ground, with the targets being thrown in the same place every time and with spreader tube guns, the hotshots probably would still break 'em all.

The fact that the present game permits the leading gunners to break quite a number of 98's, 99's and even

100 straight with .410 gauge guns and half ounce shot loads is an indication that hitting 'em in the groove is too easy for high class competitive shooters.

What can we do to make the game more difficult? The answer is simple. Adopt unknown angle skeet. Throw the targets at unknown angles anywhere between four yards and 14 yards outside of station 8, and, as was proved at Lordship, and other places where the new game has been tried, 25 straight scores will be the exception rather than the rule.

In regulation skeet the shooter knows exactly where the target will be when he steps up to shoot at any station, and, knowing this, he gets set to take the shot at the same spot where he has broken hundreds of targets. Before he calls for the target he knows exactly how he will hold, and with a splatter pot nozzle and a three foot pattern, he seldom fails to swing in the groove to break the bird.

IN THE unknown angle there is no shooting in the groove. A fellow can't determine in advance how much he will lead and how far he will hold under the target. He can't decide on the lead until the target actually is in flight, for with variable angles he might have to take a crossing bird at 10 yards to 28 or 30 yards, or more, depending upon his speed in going into action.

If he uses a pump or an automatic with a spreader tube, he will have an advantage on the inside angle shots, but he will need a rabbit's foot and a horseshoe in each pocket to break those targets that go sailing along the extreme outside angle, for a spreader tube cylinder bored barrel that spreads about three feet at 22 yards will sparsely sprinkle its pellets over a four to five foot circle at the extreme ranges, and with such a thin pattern a fellow would need plenty of luck to place a few pellets on a target.

Unknown angle skeet will bring into use practical upland guns, and not place a premium on spray nozzle affairs that would be suitable on game birds only in dense cover, and that would cripple many birds at distances at which shots are taken in open areas.

The new game will do away with the custom of men walking up to station No. 1 and singing out—"Let's see one." They want to be sure that the bird is in the groove so that they can hold the muzzle just under the line of flight. It will also stop the squawking by shooters who miss a target that happens to fly a few feet outside of the prescribed line of flight, and then try to get the shot over by claiming that it was an illegal out of bounds bird.

Unknown angle skeet will not make it easier for the 90 per cent shooter to beat the chap who averages 95 or higher at standard skeet. The good shot *(Continued on page 36)*



The wide open spray nozzle tube will not consistently break targets beyond 26 yards, so this trio at the Pacific Rod and Gun Club is trying to decide which tube should be used on unknown angle skeet.



The question under consideration here again concerns the best tube to use at unknown angle targets. The spray nozzle which is used in regulation skeet can't be depended upon to break 28 to 30 yard targets.



Straight 25's in standard skeet are common. When you run 25 in a row at the unknown angle game, your squad stops to congratulate you, as they did when Tom Sanfilipo went straight on the Pacific Coast.



Extreme left—You can't get set to shoot "in the groove" at unknown angle skeet. This chap faced the high trap at station 8, drew an outside angle bird and failed to catch up with the fast-flying target.

Left—You must take this sort of stance in order to be able to swing out to the right if the bird takes an outside course, which it may.



Jerry and the champion from the big pool.

Big Ones in the BEND

It's fun to hook a 12-inch trout in the fast waters of New Mexico's Chama River. But, boy, oh, boy, how much more fun it would be to hook a six-pound rainbow out in mid-river, where the current races!

By RAY G. HOGAN

WE PULLED off the main road and slipped carefully down the steep side trail—that little thrill of anticipation gripping us all as we awaited the first glimpse of the river that would come after we topped the last hump. Sunrise was already minutes ahead of us and we were anxious to get there—to get our rods strung—to get out into the river and start laying our flies and spinners into the fast, cold water of the Chama where—we knew from past experiences—the big ones were lying in wait. The Chama River lies in the northern part of New Mexico.

We made that last familiar turn, dropped down into the deep gully that always made our little old "fishin' wagon" puff a bit, climbed the opposite side to the hump—and came to a dumbfounded halt!

"Would you look at that!" Arch exclaimed.

"For the love of—holy cats look at the fishermen!" Jerry followed up.

And fishermen there were! We looked to the left of us. Dozens of 'em, sitting, standing, wading. We turned to the right of us—dozens more, sitting, standing, wading in such profusion that the whole place assumed the appearance of a crowd watching a boat race along the Hudson.

"And this was the best fishing in the state!" Jerry groaned, sinking back into his seat.

"No use going out into that mob—sure enough," was Arch's comment. "We can stay in town and fight crowds like that at a rummage sale!"

"And catch about as many fish. . ."

So for several long, sorrowful minutes we sat there in the faithful old jaloppy and thought of the seasons past when only we and a half dozen others had come upon the Chama and fought the big rainbows to a standstill; of the times when a fellow could fish for hours and never meet another fisherman. Days gone . . . long gone.

BUT here we were, 167 miles from home, equipped for fish, loaded with bait and a whole day to spend. I began to comb my brain for a likely place to go. Horse Lake? Twenty miles off but we didn't have a boat with us and a boat was something you had to have up there if you wanted to get big ones. Nope—not Horse Lake.

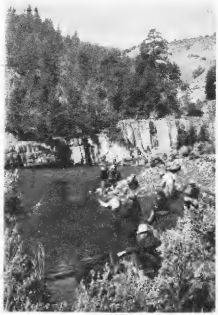
"What was that guy telling us about fishing above here, the other day?" Arch asked, apparently trying to think of an alternative, too. "You remember—him saying that he never fished along here below the dam but went on above."

I suddenly remembered. "Yeh, up there where the river makes a sharp bend! He claimed he really got into the fishing!"

"Know how to get there?" Jerry, interested, wanted to know.

"Let's see; he said to turn off on the first right hand road after you leave T.A. and follow it through the mountains. He said that brought you out at the bend's upper end."

So back towards the town of T.A. we scurried, located that first hand road, duly followed it through the hills and eventually came out some three or four miles above El Vado Dam at a point where the river made



"Fishermen to the right of us . . ."

a sharp curve to the east.

"Boy!" Arch exclaimed as we piled out and started in on our tackle, "That guy really knew his directions! That's the first time anybody ever told me how to get to a fishing spot—that could be found!"

Because the sun was already climbing high, we forsook the usual necessary breakfast and in 10 short minutes we were on the river, wading in the ankle deep shallows towards the center where the fast current showed strong and white-capped.



Arch and two of his biggest trout.

Without hesitation Jerry crossed, unmindful of the water that climbed higher about his legs until it was lapping over his boot tops. Arch swung away to my left leaving me to work the center.

We had with us a supply of minnows but because we were in new country and would probably be doing more moving than usual, we had left them in the shallows near camp. Instead we had spinners and flies—and it was with a bright little Colorado sparkler that I elected to make my first cast.

Across a wide whirlpool I made my initial try, remaining motionless while the spinner sank a few inches below the surface. Then with rod tip low, I brought it back, keeping it always abreast of the current in order that it would whirl its best. Near the center it caught in a deeper undertow and went out of sight. It remained there for a moment and I thought once that I felt a light strike but it might have been the current for it came on in a second later.

Again I tried across the pool but this time permitting the spinner to sweep down beyond the spread of the whirl, just letting it ride the ripples below. Half way across I felt the sudden shock of a strike and my line went taut. I set the hook—but in that fast water I had misjudged—and I missed. The little Colorado came in empty handed again.

Below I heard Arch call and turning, could see him holding a shimmering strip of silver that told of his first encounter. Jerry, across the river, was standing on a huge boulder, completely engrossed in fishing a broad, deep hole. Slowly, I moved along, working out into deeper water that ran in noisy white-caps.

There were no pools out here and I sent the spinner fluttering into the fast rapids. It flashed a moment, lost itself behind a rock, appeared again and then I felt once more the decisive jerk of a strike. This time I was more careful and I gave him plenty of lee-



". . . Fishermen to the left of us!"



"Jerry, across the river, was standing on a huge boulder, engrossed in fishing a deep hole."

way before I set the hook. At once my reel sang out and I saw a flash of silver as he came out of the water, fighting the barb. In that racing water it was a precarious position to be in, his fighting power leagued with the down pull of the current and I began a slow retreat for shallower water. It was impossible to tell his size but if fight meant anything—he would run into several pounds!

He came out of the water again just as I had reached solid footing and I spent a breathless few moments when my line went slack—but he was hooked good and after a few sulky drives *(Continued on page 36)*



Benny, brown bobwhites.

CONSERVED COVEYS

By GUY VON SCHRILTZ

"I just know there are no quail here!" he said. But there were! Coveys of 'em.

STOP here!" I applied brakes in amazement, at Ott's suggestion, three miles from town. "Why there hasn't been a quail killed this close to Pittsburg, Kansas, since . . . "

"Never you mind," Ott interrupted, removing the cover from his open-bore with a businesslike air. "I agreed to assume all responsibility as to finding birds today, and you were to furnish car and lunch. So you just keep still and come on."

I obeyed orders without enthusiasm and before long we followed our dogs down a fence row between two cornfields.

It was a good looking fence row with an abundance of quail cover, yet the farther we went the stronger my resentment grew.

Three dry years in a row had practically annihilated our few bobwhites near town.

"Oh piffling peanuts!" I complained at the end of the quailless fence row. "I didn't agree to hunt where I *know* there are no birds. Now let's stop this foolishness and go farther out where we've seen quail all fall."

Ott shook his head stubbornly.

"A promise is a promise," he reminded me, waving the dogs down a big black hedge that bisected our fence row. "Go out there, Dick. Get going."



Dan, nearest the camera.

At a huge heap of blackened branches Dick began acting birdily.

"Look out!" Ott sang out, quite needlessly. "Dick's on a hot trail."

"Yea, a cotton rabbit trail," I concluded, remembering several barren years in which I had tramped this hedge, voicing my conclusions aloud.

"Oh yeah!" retorted Ott, touchily. "Well, you just stand there yelling 'cotton rabbit' long enough and you'll lose out on a covey raise. The first one of the season, too. Steady there Danny!" to our other pointer, which began creeping in. "Whoa Danny! *Dan!* There! Dick's got 'em!" happily. "Back him Danny! Back!"

ALL of which was sending chills and thrills up my back. Calm reasoning told me that Dick *couldn't* have quail. Because there were none there to be had. But, knowing Dick as I did, I couldn't quite convince myself that his tense, stylish point meant rabbit, either.

So, torn by two conflicting conclusions, I clicked the safety of my gun and shoved in behind Dick, who by this time was buried much too deeply in brush for the photographs I



Dan, Ott, Dick.



Dan and Dick.

coveted, a part of every hunt to me.

Quail season again! I exulted. Dogs on point with open shooting in prospect! Quail or bunny, it was a grand and glorious feeling. It was quail!

I have a very definite and clear memory picture of the "rise" of that first covey. I hope I retain the recollection as long as I live. It is precious to me.

Ott, only an indistinct outline through hedge branches, called across:

"Looks like it's up to you. I can't get in here to flush them."

Obediently I broke brush. Which means that I plowed my way through the tangle and kicked out the birds.

It is the penalty one pays, I have found, for being a good long-legged, "brush hound." The process is tough on pants, boots and faces, but it has its compensations, as well.

One is nearest the arising birds, for one thing, always an advantage, hindering hedge limbs or not, and there are oftentimes those precious last-second intimacies of the close contact with pointing dog and clucking quail. For I am one of those weaker ones who delight in stopping at the haunches of the pointing dog, and saying things to him—and sometimes, by looking closely, one can even see the bird he points!

Five quail went out on my side. A dozen exploded through to Ott. I side-stepped swiftly, struck a branch with my swinging gun barrel and never caught up with the hen that tacked sharply left to miss a tree.

Number two was a perfect, low, straightaway rooster. I dead-centered him and he plunked to earth like so much lead.

Number three wasn't so simple. Inside the tree, which number one had detoured, hedge limbs hampered my vision and I was immoderately pleased to see the bird slow up suspiciously, when I fired, and angle off east by southeast to settle hurriedly in a mowed meadow.

While this transpired I was dimly conscious that Ott was having a right fair Fourth of July celebration, firecrackers and all, over on his side.

"Fetch, Dan!" I heard from beyond the hedge presently. "Atta boy, Dick!" So I judged that anyway two quail had responded to Ott's invitations.

Leisurely I picked up my first bird. It was stone stead. Dick came through and I took him to the hay meadow after the cripple that had gone there.

I needed Dick. The bird was a runner and Dick found it, only after a hundred yards of belly creeping, that pleased me very much, in a grassy ravine.

Dick and Danny worked out six singles for us on down the hedge and with 10 quail in our pockets, enough from that covey, we cut back at nine o'clock, toward the automobile.

But we didn't get to the car so soon. At the bisecting hedge Ott halted and directed Dick off at right angles again.

"Aw." I protested. "Let's get down to that schoolhouse covey before somebody beats us to it. There aren't any more birds here."

"That's what *you* say," Ott differed. "One lesson *never* quite convinces you, does it?"

"You mean to tell me that there are *two* coveys this close to town?" I didn't believe it and farnkly said so.

"I'm telling you nothing," Ott disclaimed, "but I'll *show* you something more, if you'll quit your beefing and come one."

I came on, but didn't forego all the pleasure of my remarks at such asinine actions as trying to find *two* bunches of birds where last year there had been none. In due course we combed the cross hedge to its end without finding as much as a meadow lark.

"Now I hope *you're* satisfied," I couldn't resist the opportunity. "Lightning just doesn't strike twice in the same place, you know. Now, to the schoolhouse covey we . . ."

"What," broke in Ott, pointing out across country, "would you say old Dick was doing out there between those trees, standing still, stiff as a poker that way?"

"I'd say," I said, backing around and getting my gun ready, "that Dick has something spotted, although for the life of me I can't believe that *two* coveys of quail ever got back here so soon."

"Well, "suggested Ott, "let's go get them. We can figure out the why and the *(Continued on page 37)*



The angle of hedges.



Ott and a neighbor.

PICTORIAL SECTION



The Catskills fishing section of New York takes in the counties of Delaware, Greene, Schoharie, Sullivan and Ulster. Esopus Creek (above), in Ulster, offers fishing for brown trout, smallmouth bass, yellow perch, pickerel, bullheads and sunfish.



Bermuda record wahoo, weighing 95 pounds, was landed by A. A. Martin of Vancouver while trolling along Challenger Banks. This thrill came to Mr. Martin on his first visit to Bermuda.



Fishing the surf successfully is largely a matter of reading shoreline signs in sand, sea and sky correctly. This picture was taken on the New Jersey coast, where surf casting is important sport.

It's a lot of crappie. This 19-inch crappie, or white perch, was caught in Lake Myra, near Raleigh, North Carolina, by D. F. Privette of Pilot. The record-breaker bettered three and a half pounds.





Wapiti calf, about three weeks old, photographed by the U. S. Forest Service in the Olympic Forest, Washington. The spots on the coat disappear after about three months.



Bottle fed orphans, just three days old. The twin fawns were found near the road where the mother was killed, and were turned over to the game warden near Shelton, Washington. E. J. Burgoyne, whose home is there, took the picture.

Let us hope that civilian camping will continue to be a part of the American picture this coming summer. This tent stands on the shore of a lake in the mountains of California.





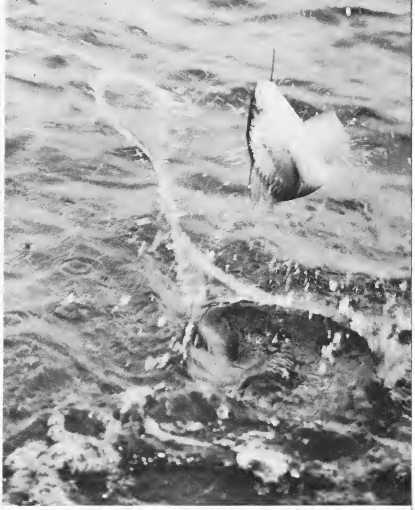
Whipping the stream for early season trout. Franklin W. Merritt of Rochester, New York, took the picture in the western part of New York, but cannot name the stream.

Anglers report good prospects for browns, rainbows and speckled trout in North Carolina in the North and South Mills and the Davidson rivers in Pisgah National Forest, the Oconalufty, Deep and Cataloochee creeks in the Great Smokies and in the Sapphire country around Cashiers.





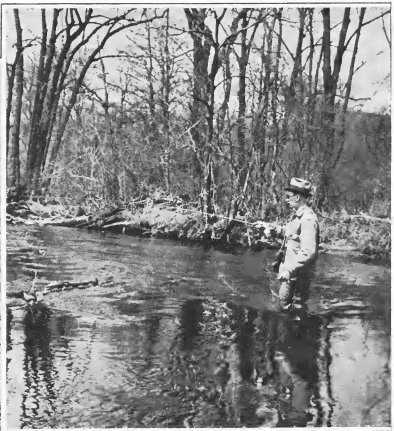
She knows her stuff, when it comes to trout fishing. Dorothy, daughter of Indian guide Beauvais, last year won first honors in the women's division of the Laurentian Mountain Trout Fishing Tournament, held in Quebec.



Split second timing caught even the hole left in the water when the two-pound channel bass leaped into the air before being boated by W. I. Drysdale, St. Augustine, Florida. Drysdale was really fishing for an entry in the first annual National Sea Trout Derby, which will come to a close March 15.

Best season for trout, state of Washington, is from late April through October. These anglers are wading the South Fork of Sauk River for rainbow trout. The water may be icy, but that doesn't halt the march of the fishermen.





Up the Musconetcong, New Jersey, to find where the rainbows, brooks and browns hang out and to connect with a few if possible. The first trout of the season seem best.



The U. S. Forest Service credits the increase of trout in Pisgah National Forest, western North Carolina, to the intense campaign of stocking, feeding, strict regulation in each stream—opening, closing and reopening them in sequence. This is a typical Pisgah trout stream.



South America came through with this 403-pound striped marlin taken by Mrs. Michael Lerner of New York, off the coast of Tocopilla, Chile, on a last summer trip.

Barrett Lake, California, yielded this nice catch of bass. It's a good thing bass are hardy breeders, and do not need coddling, as the bass brotherhood has grown fast.



His line is out for big channel bass off the Outer Banks of North Carolina, where surf casting is a major sport from March to December. Dave Roberts of Cincinnati, outdoor writer, is shown in the picture.







JUMPING *Tarpon*

By FREDK. W. HOLLENDER

If you'd like a memory etching of a sudden flash of live silver arced against sea blue, surface cast with a plug for tarpon. You can still-fish or troll for them—but only in surface plug casting will you see the fish come up and strike for your bait, and what a sight that is!

Plug casting is not made for the lazy fisherman; you have to work for your fish all day long and your skill in casting and working the plug makes for success. Where to go? The Florida Everglades are full of fish. If it is not tarpon, it is snook or redfish or ladyfish, snapper and others—they all strike for the same plug. There is excitement every minute.

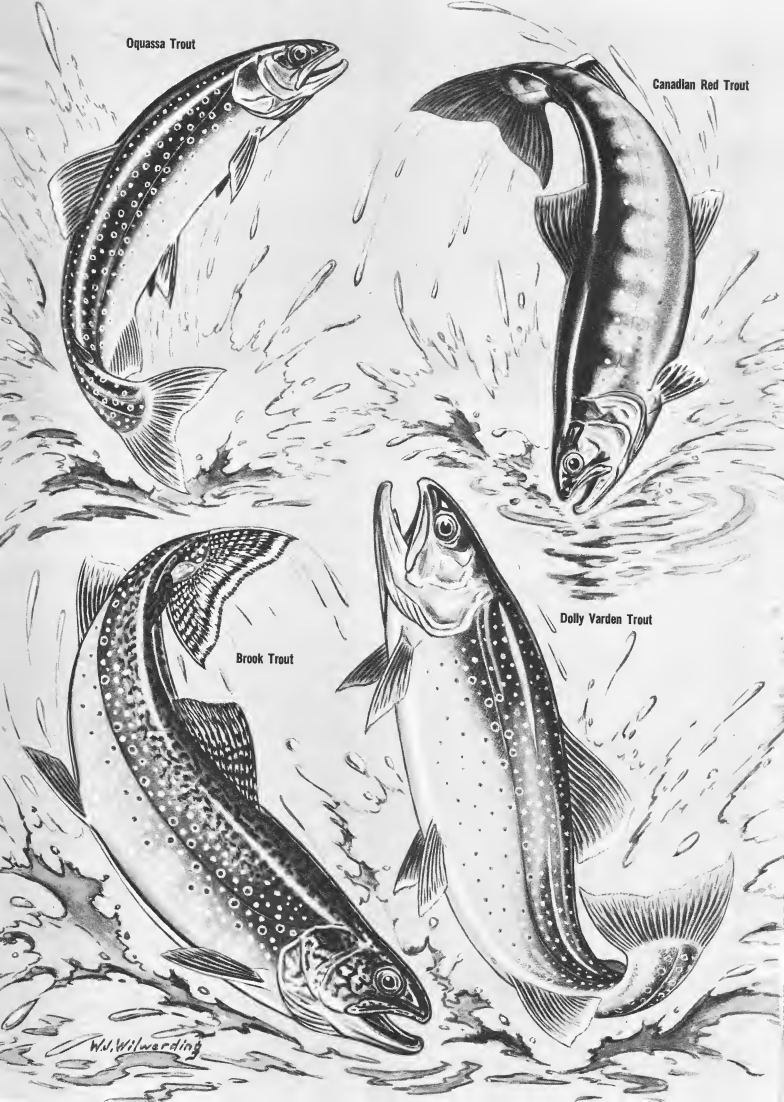
Drive the Tamiami Trail out of Miami to reach the Everglades. Hire one of the captains there and he will take you into the Ten Thousand Islands and show you the rolling silver king of the South.

February to May and later is a good time to be there. Early in the season the tarpon run small, six to 20 pounds will be the average weight. Later in the season you will hook them much larger.

Ask your captain which of the many plugs the fish are taking and buy a few, as he suggests, in the local tackle *(Continued on page 45)*







Oquassa Trout
Canadian Red Trout
Dolly Varden Trout
Brook Trout
W.J. Wilwarding

OUR AMERICAN TROUT

NO. 30 IN A SERIES OF WILD LIFE PAINTINGS AND ARTICLES

Presenting the American chars—trout of our cold, swift waters—including the Brook Trout, Oquassa Trout, Canadian Red Trout, and Dolly Varden Trout.

Our trout are divided into several distinct genera, each of which has its special characteristics. Here we are concerned with the Chars, of the genus *Salvelinus;* called Chars from a word of Gaelic origin, which means red or blood-colored and refers to the red bellies of most trout of this genus, which are especially brilliant on breeding males. Most chars are trout of cold, swift waters, but some are anadromous, that is, they descend streams and enter salt water, as do the Steelheads of the genus *Salmo.*

Among the Chars we find the most brilliantly colored fish of our fresh waters, which coloring finds its peak among the Chars of eastern Canada and northeastern United States. Our Brook or Speckled Trout is one of the best known members of this genus.

Chars readily may be distinguished by their small scales and a boat-shaped vomer, which is the bony plate that forms the front part of the roof of the mouth. On the Chars, the vomer has teeth only at its end, while on the trout of the genus *Salmo,* which includes the Rainbow, Cut-throat and Steelhead varieties, the vomer is flat and well supplied with teeth.

The common European Char, or Saibling, *Salvelinus Alpinus,* lives in the mountain streams of Europe and the Greenland and Arctic Chars are closely related to this trout, as is the Dolly Varden of our western waters, which is said to be a direct descendant of the European Char.

The Brook Trout, *S. fontinalis,* originally inhabited cold waters from Labrador west to Saskatchewan and southward along the streams of the Alleghenies to Georgia, but it has been widely transplanted and is now found in many streams that were not its original habitat. The vermicular or wormlike markings of the back, extending into the adipose, dorsal and caudal fins, readily distinguish this trout. It is spotted with many light yellowish spots and red spots that are ringed with this lighter color; often these outside rings are of light blue. The pectoral, ventral and anal fins are red with a white forward edge that is lined with black. Breeding males have red lines along the sides of the belly, lined below with black.

The Oquassa Trout, *S. oquassa,* is a Char named after Lake Oquassa of Maine and is found in this and others of the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. This is a small, thin trout, blue on the back, with red spots on the sides. Its close relative is the Sunapee, *Salvelinus aureolus,* which, as its name implies, has all the colors of the aurora and is one of our most brilliantly colored Chars, on which the bright colors are particularly brilliant on the breeding male. It is named after Sunapee Lake in New Hampshire and is found in this and other lakes of New Hampshire and Maine.

To the north we find other closely related Chars, among which we find the exceedingly brilliant Red Trout of Quebec, *S. marstoni,* which is found only in a few lakes in Quebec. It is slender, with a distinctly forked tail and a rather small head. This trout is dark olive above, or brownish olive, and red below. The red color of the belly covers the entire lower belly and extends onto the lower fins. This red color is pink on many specimens, but bright red, even a flaming red-orange on breeding males. The spots are not numerous, but there are a few red and orange spots on the sides.

Closely related, and also with red on the belly, are the Arctic Chars, *Salvelinus naresi,* of northwestern Canada, some of which run into salt water along the Arctic Coast and Labrador and at times into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

These trout are Canadian representatives of the Arctic Chars of Europe, as are also the Greenland Char or Saibling and the Sea Trout or Salter of Greenland, so-called because it descends regularly to the sea.

It will be noted that most of these trout are commonly referred to as Saibling or Char, which names may be confusing. They are, after all, closely related and are perhaps but sub-species of a single type species, which type species is no doubt the Arctic Char of Europe. Limitations of habitat have no doubt brought about the variations in size and color.

Further, it will be noted that all the foregoing species have their original habitat in the eastern and northerly parts of our continent, while the trout of the genus *Salmo* have their original habitat in the western part of our continent. Yet, strangely, it is in the west that we find one of the finest of the Chars, the Dolly Varden or Bull Trout, *Salvelinus malma spectabilis.*

The Dolly Varden Trout is not only a bright-colored trout, but it is gamey and, somewhat unusual for most Chars, it attains considerable size. It grows to a length of two and three feet and a weight of between five and 12 pounds. Not large, as compared to some trout of the genus *Salmo,* but plenty big compared to Chars like the Oquassa Trout.

The Dolly Varden is olivaceous in color with red and orange spots. It is found in streams west of the Cascade Range, from Alaska to the upper Sacramento, and in the Columbia River Basin to Idaho and Montana.

Though some of the Chars resemble the introduced Brown Trout of Europe, the latter is a member of the genus *Salmo* and is not a Char. It may be distinguished from the Chars by the black spots on its back, in which respect it resembles the Rainbow and Cut-throat Trouts, though it also has red spots on its sides, which are lacking in our trout of the genus *Salmo.*

As before mentioned, the Chars are trout of cold *(Continued on page 50)*

Next Month

TROUT of the genus *Salmo* (Salmon Trout) will be shown in the April issue. These trout are first cousins of the Atlantic Salmon and include the large tribe of Rainbow and Cut-throat Trout, with their sea-going brothers—the Steelhead Cut-throats and Steelhead Rainbows. They are found chiefly in western waters, except where they have been transplanted in the Eastern and Middle States. They are found in a wide variety of species. Differences in varieties will be discussed and information on districts in which the various species are found will be given.

Unknown Angle Skeet

(Continued from page 23)

will still beat the poor shot, just as he will in any game in which guns are used. However, the good field shot, the man accustomed to picking off quail, grouse or other game birds which do not fly at any prescribed angle, or in the groove, will have an advantage over the chap who must know in advance where the target will be when he fires.

While the manner of holding slightly under the outgoer at station No. 1 is still the proper procedure, the fact that the bird may fly anywhere from four to 14 yards outside of station No. 8 requires a shift of the muzzle to right or left, and that bothers some of the boys.

The low trap target at station No. 1, while still an easy shot, is not quite the setup it is in standard skeet, for it may pass at a distance of only eight yards, or go sailing along at a distance of 25 yards. The shooter can't get set to lead the incomer about a foot, which would be the lead if the bird takes the inside course, for it might be out where a three foot lead would be necessary. This thing of being compelled to determine the lead after the bird is in the air has caused misses on this shot because the gunner, accustomed to pulling a foot in front, forgot to increase the lead.

At station No. 2, the outgoer doesn't offer anything much more difficult than in the standard game, though regardless of the line of flight, whether inside or outside extreme, it is still missed by over shooting. The low trap target, however, offers a wide variation of lead. If it takes the inside course, the lead may be about two feet, while if it goes away outside, the lead will have to be increased to four feet or more, so the shooter has to do some thinking AFTER the target appears, instead of BEFORE it slips out of the trap house.

The high trap target at station No. 3, if taken when it has traveled about 20 yards, will be much like regulation skeet if it flies the inside route, or somewhere near the old line of flight, for it will be around 20 yards from the gun, but when it has traveled 20 yards on the outside course, it is fully 25 yards from the gun, and it will probably be 26 yards or more when the shot is fired, and that is just a little too far for a spreader tube pattern even though some targets will be broken at that distance. The low trap target at this station might be anywhere from 19 to 30 yards or more from the gun, so the shooter must take a good lookee when the bird pops into view and quickly decide how much he's going to lead.

At station No. 4, targets taking the inside flight, or those passing close to the old crossing point six yards out from the No. 8 post, are much like regulation birds, but if they go whizzing along the outside flyway, fast shooting is required to hit them before they are more than 28 yards from the gun, and the deliberate gun pointer who rides 'em a little, will be shooting at distances of 30 yards or more.

The shots at stations 5, 6 and 7 are similar to those at 1, 2 and 3, except, of course, that the high trap instead of the low trap throws the long range target.

The two shots at station No. 8 might be at four to 12 yards from the gun. Neither the inside nor outside flight birds are more difficult than the regulation No. 8 shots if the shooter can be prepared to swing out to the right or left, though the chap who insists that the targets be in a groove, and gets set for either the inside or outside flight, can run into trouble by trying to catch up with the target.

While unknown angle skeet is more interesting than the standard game for the experienced shot, the beginner will learn to swing and lead better if he sticks to regulation skeet until he learns the fundamentals of wing shooting, for he knows where the target will fly, and if he misses, he can call for the same bird time after time until he learns how to hit it. In the new game he could ask for another target from the same trap, but it might not be at the same angle or the same distance.

The difference in the two games may be seen by the scores made in San Francisco at the Pacific Rod and Gun Club. Of course, our regular trade winds which daily blow from stations 3 to 8, send the outside angle targets quite a distance farther than the prescribed line of flight, so many of the shots are at diving birds that are more than 30 yards from the gun. This might cause the scores to be slightly lower than on fields where there is little wind, or a wind that will swing the targets inside.

A check on more than 1500 individual rounds at unknown angle skeet shows that only seven 25 straights were made. Many of the boys in those squads can "go straight" in one out of two to four rounds at regulation skeet. All of which indicates that unknown angle skeet will result in fewer 100 straights. The shooters who have been in the top rank and who cussed when they missed one out of 100 at standard skeet, will pat themselves on the back every time they break 25 in a row at the new game.

If the top flight boys begin to knock off too many 25's at unknown angles, we can make it still more difficult by setting the low trap to throw its targets 40 feet above the ground while leaving the high trap birds at the standard 15 feet. This will make it necessary to hold above as well as ahead on some targets, instead of holding low on all of them, as we do now, and thus give us a greater variety.

As to the popularity of unknown angles as compared with standard skeet at the San Francisco grounds, I may point to the fact that since two of the four fields were changed to the new game, all of the shooters, the low average men as well as the class A group, are shooting the variable angle layouts. During the time 2000 rounds of unknown angle were shot, less than 50 rounds at the standard games were fired, and in most instances when a squad went to the old fields, most of them were beginners at shooting.

New trap equipment is not needed for throwing unknown angle targets. A standard layout can be changed in one hour or less by simply enlarging the traphouse opening through which the targets pass, and determining where the targets must be placed on the carriers to throw the extreme inside and outside angle birds. The manufacturers of the traps in use on any field will send drawings which show how to place the targets.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Big Ones in the Bend

(Continued from page 25)

a few inches below the surface, he came into the shallows where I worked around behind and flipped him ashore. Twelve inches at the most, probably weigh a short pound. I turned to hold him aloft for Jerry to see—but Jerry was busy in that moment!

He was still on the big rock but his knees were bowed and he stood spraddle-legged to brace himself. His rod looked like a buggy whip in action and as I opened my mouth to voice encouragement his fish broke water. But what a fish! Even from where I stood, a good hundred yards off, he looked like a six or seven pounder, twisting, turning arcing through the air like a demon! Savagely, with all the dynamic power of his game heart he fought the hook, never once giving an inch. Back in the water he never once gave Jerry the opportunity of drawing him in; instead, he maintained a continuous drive of wild, maddened plunges first to the left, then to the right, fighting furiously to reach the sanctuary of deep, fast water where he might, with the help of the river, break the leader or the line. But Jerry saw to it that he never reached that goal. After the rainbow had broken water his second time and was beginning to show the first signs of weakening, my companion slipped carefully from the boulder and took up a stand on firm ground. He played the trout for another long minute and then brought him firmly into the shallows where he grasped him in the gills and brought him onto the bank.

For a while he stood there watching the big rainbow thresh about in the grass in a last frenzy, then lifting him high he shouted:

"There was a champion in that pool!"

And a champion he was—for only such could have put up the battle that he did.

A little anxious and excited after witnessing Jerry's victory, I moved even further into the river's middle, still working the fast water where the trout seemed to be feeding. Almost at once I took another 12-incher from the rapids and

followed it with a third that fell a little short of the first two. But big trout were boiling in my veins now and I decided to return to shore and move further down where the pools appeared to be deeper and wider. A quarter of a mile below I made the first stop—and immediately caught a nice little battler that would measure almost to the quarter inch, with my first three!

I BEGAN to wonder if I were jinxed; four trout in a row and not a quarter of an inch difference in the lot! A little perplexed. I tried my spinner far out in the river's center, played it a few yards and then got a strike that told me I had something in tow that would exceed any 12-inch trout that I had!

Not once did he break water but he fought it out doggedly below the surface in a series of dives and loops that whipped the capped surface into foam as my line sliced back and forth like a thing alive.. But trout in fast water fool you and when I had gotten him ashore, he topped my others by not more than three full inches. I wondered, in that moment, if a man would ever land one of those big ones like Jerry had connected with, if he did snag him, in that racing current of the river.

"Be a job!" I said to myself.

"What'd you say?" Arch said from behind me.

I jumped. I hadn't seen him come up. "I said it would be a job landing one of the big ones like Jerry caught from that fast water."

"How big is Jerry's?"

"Five or six pounds, I think."

Arch whistled. "Man and boy, yes! I got a couple about 16 or 17 inches out of water like that and mister, it was some fun!"

"I'd like to try it, though," said I, looking hopefully at the river.

"So would I—but I couldn't land a minnow right now. I'm so hungry I could eat one of these I've got—as is! Come on, let's go take on a little nourishment and then come back and try it!"

Which sounded like a mighty good idea to me.

+ + + +

Conserved Coveys

(Continued from page 27)

wherefore later on, if necessary to satisfy you."

We went. Dick had 18 birds. One was in front of him, the balance behind. We doubled on the near one, doubled on one that swung sharply left and both missed a third.

"Well wasn't that somepin!" laughed Ott when the abortion was finished. "Eighteen birds within range to shoot at and we pick the same one three times! Fetch, Dick. Fetch."

"And miss one of them!" I added. "A fine pair of hunters we turned out to be! Here Danny," reaching for the other dead bird, "I'll take it."

In the brushy slough we blundered into four birds while approaching a single which Danny pointed 50 yards farther on. Ott couldn't shoot in cover taller than his head and I was about as badly handicapped, but managed to bag one bird with three shells.

Dick found and fetched this bird. Through all the commotion Danny held his point. Proud of his dog, Ott routed the single and killed it before it had fully cleared cover.

That was that as far as that covey was concerned. We couldn't find the remainder of the bunch high or low. We don't know to this day where they went to.

"Thirteen birds out of two coveys," Ott computed our bag to date. "Not so good. Looks like we'll have to find *two* more bunches to get our limit. O.K., Dick," waving him ahead, "go down that weedy fence line. Looks birdy to me."

Dick went into the weeds and never came back.

"Covey number three!" Ott reckoned. I couldn't believe it and said so.

"Neither could you believe the other two," Ott reminded me. "Why not quit trying to solve mysteries and rebelling against my superior sportsmanship in locating bobwhites and have some fun?"

IT was good advice, but I didn't heed it, and was too far outside of Ott and on the same side of the fence, when I should have been opposite, when Ott almost stepped on an outlying bird of a fresh covey Dick held completely out of our sight in some plum brush.

"Well! I like that!" I growled, taking a hurried long lead of the brown bullet that headed out across the open at right angles to me. My calculation was correct. The bird died in the air. "Couldn't wait 'til I came up, eh?" I took up my complaint again, following a fast one that crossed directly over my head, a regular low trap, peg seven, skeet shot, that I handled masterfully, as I talked. "Serves you exactly right!" When I saw one drop unharmed to the ground 20 feet after it had left it, completely out of Ott's shot pattern. "Just couldn't wait. Send me another one."

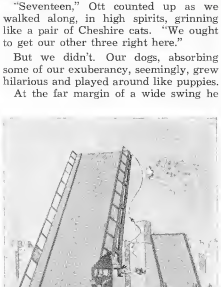
Ott did. So straight to me that Ott did not dare shoot. Another straightaway when it had crossed over and I had three birds down.

Ott killed one, finally, after two more futile tries at tricky targets, much to my amusement and just as much to his disgust, and very shortly we were concentrating, hunters and dogs, on a weedy last year's stack yard, into which some of the singles had gone.

"Seventeen," Ott counted up as we walked along, in high spirits, grinning like a pair of Cheshire cats. "We ought to get our other three right here."

But we didn't. Our dogs, absorbing some of our exuberancy, seemingly, grew hilarious and played around like puppies.

At the far margin of a wide swing he



made at a high lope out across the mowed meadow, Dick suddenly set all brakes and literally plowed to a full stop.

"Huh!" grunted Ott, witnessing this interesting performance of his senior pointer. "Now what?"

As though to answer his lord and master's inquiry, Dick swung slowly, stiffly around and began one of those low, every-muscle-on-his-body-showing sneaks. I get a great kick out of Dick doing that. He thrills me as few other dogs ever have.

"One of our singles," I interpreted.

Ott shook his head.

"Feeding covey," he said. "A new one."

"Aw haw!" I laughed. "What makes you think so?"

"NONE of the other covey was hit," Ott explained patiently, "so they wouldn't run. Dick's all excited, too. Knot of nerves. Look at him! One bird doesn't do *that* to that dog. It takes a covey. A *big* one."

"O.K.," I conceded, "but if it is a covey, that makes four that we've found today in impossible places, and, remember, I'm expecting to be told the why and the wherefore."

"O.K.," repeated Ott, "I'll remember. There! Look at that old hound," pride sticking out all over him, when Dick settled, finally, into a low crouching point, rigid as a rock. "Bet you never saw it done neater than that. Don't you go wild and blaze away at everything that gets up. You need one bird, *I* need two."

"Yep," I concurred. "Well, see that you get your two. How about a few pictures first?"

But we didn't get the pictures. Danny came up, inched ahead of us, eyes glued on Dick, scented a straggler fully 50 feet off at our right, while Dick and his covey were three times that far distant, straight ahead.

"Whoa!" I commended. "Dan's got some, too. Now what?"

Ott looked from Dick to Dan and from Dan back to Dick.

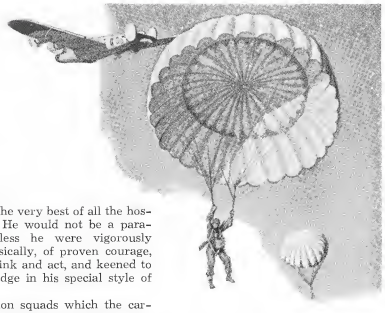
"Take one picture of Dan and me," he suggested. "I think Dan's is a single —off west of him 10 feet or so. His head is so high."

I made my exposure, Ott with gun

(Continued on page 44)

RIFLEMEN and the NEW WARFARE

By COL. CHARLES A. RANLETT

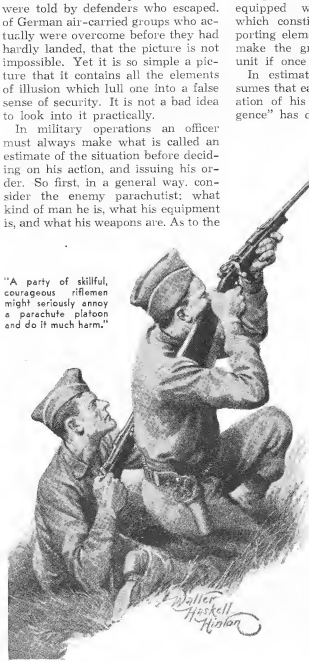


It's a safe bet that every experienced wing shot in the United States has entertained a secret hope that the day might come when he would be somewhere out in the open, a swaying enemy 'chutist descending overhead, and a favorite rifle in hand to deal with him. After Crete such a lot of personal stories were told by defenders who escaped, of German air-carried groups who actually were overcome before they had hardly landed, that the picture is not impossible. Yet it is so simple a picture that it contains all the elements of illusion which lull one into a false sense of security. It is not a bad idea to look into it practically.

In military operations an officer must always make what is called an estimate of the situation before deciding on his action, and issuing his order. So first, in a general way, consider the enemy parachutist; what kind of man he is, what his equipment is, and what his weapons are. As to the man, he is the very best of all the hostile forces. He would not be a parachutist unless he were vigorously strong physically, of proven courage, quick to think and act, and keened to a feather edge in his special style of fighting.

The section squads which the carrier-planes drop together are equipped with different weapons which constitute the mutually supporting elements of effective fire that make the group a terrible combat-unit if once landed and in position.

In estimating these men one assumes that each is skillful in the operation of his weapon unless "Intelligence" has definitely stated that, for some reason, they are inferior. Therefore you had better depend on it that the riflemen are snipers; that the submachine gun men know expertly how to use that nasty little volcano within its limited range; and that those carrying grenade discharges are picked for their singular ability to drop the little bombs accurately up to long range. It is also a certainty that all of them are good men with the hand grenade.



"A party of skillful, courageous riflemen might seriously annoy a parachute platoon and do it much harm."

Such a party, on its face, is a formidable gang to attack, and one must not forget that while the war is comparatively new for our side, the enemy has men who have been at it over two years. Their action will have the smooth celerity that comes from team-training and will possess the coolness of experience. On all these accounts, therefore, one assumes that if the hostile plane-squad has successfully landed and seized a position it will be difficult to dislodge. Since such units are generally used in mass, if at all, it is also probable that little time will be afforded for operations before hostile reinforcements and support will come.

As against this, what could an ordinary home guard, a party of "us fellows," common run-of-the-woods sportsmen who are too young or too old for the active forces, bring to cope with such special training and weapons? While the prospect is no picnic it is not as hopeless as a pessimist might first decide.

To begin with, we local men would know the details of the ground with an intimacy that the chutists could not possibly approach. This is no trifling matter. The fact is, it is the indirect cause of most successful guerilla warfare. Forty years ago it was my privilege and good fortune to become very well acquainted with the great Confederate partisan cavalry leader Col. John S. Mosby. His two grandsons were cadets in the Virginia school where I was commandant at the time, and over a period of two years I saw him frequently; was a guest, with my wife, from time to time in his beautiful old home at Warrenton, Va., and, naturally enough, talked with him repeatedly of his civil war fights and campaigns.

Col. Mosby constantly referred to the tremendous value to him of his intimate knowledge, and that of his men, of the terrain, in operations against the Federal forces. In the whole history of this country I suppose that no two men could be named who would parallel Marion of the Revolution and Mosby of the Civil War as guerilla leaders. Both whipped their oppo- *(Continued on page 40)*



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Riflemen and the New Warfare

(Continued from page 38)

nents decisively on more than one occasion through plans based on surprise, when such actions were only possible because they had terrain information which the enemy did not possess.

Now some reader may hold that it is a long cry from the circuitous night-marchings, with their sudden descents, of the famous Swamp Fox or "Mosby's Men," to the sharp field action of a parachute patrol today against the native populace. But a brief study of the subject will demonstrate that in principle the case is similar. Here, again, the Cretan record comes out with incidents aplenty to support this idea. I have read of a small Greek patrol which quickly took cover as a German carrier plane dumped its platoon to float to the ground only two or three hundred yards away. Opening sharp fire before the chutists had disentangled themselves, they had wiped out the whole unit before it could begin to get into action. The English told, over and over, of positions which they had prepared and thoroughly reconnoitered, where they engaged parachutist commands that had landed and begun attack, only to run into unexpected flank fire and be destroyed. No matter what training the man from the air might have, he could not be expected to cope with the intimate knowledge of slight elevations and depressions, gullies and ravines, that the native would use instinctively in a fight.

And it is not merely in the better ground knowledge which the local man has in joined action that he has the advantage. From the very nature of his arrival on the ground the parachutist must seize only the best nearby place to fight. It may be but a poor position. The local man can choose his approach, to engage him, and the choice of ground in any kind of combat is invaluable.

In the Cretan operations the occasions on which the defenders happened to be exactly where the 'chutists alighted were relatively few, which is why those unusual events received the publicity they did. As a rule the 'chutists effected their landings and proceeded with their missions, to shortly encounter the opposition of the English or the Greeks. And that is much the more likely manner in which their action would be defined. But what way would it be best, if at all, for a home guard unit to tackle a hostile parachutist platoon which has landed and siezed a position, or is moving in the accomplishment of a definite mission?

If I presume to answer this question, it is with due consideration of the fact that there is no nation-wide standardization of the home guard weapons and equipment or training, so the advice must be taken as general. And it is modified by the relative size of the units. If the 'chutist group is greatly outnumbered, a more daring course could be pursued. But in the most probable situation it is plain that the comparatively amateur farmer or sportsman group would be very unwise to try combat at close range, where the machine fire of submachine guns would be most effective. It would be best for individuals who have such arms as shotguns to avoid the fight 'til conditions might be so altered that they could act without disproportionate disadvantage.

Men equipped with standard military rifles, and those armed with any of the fine big game rifles like heavy sporters, having 'scope or fine micrometer sights, should be able to do very effective fighting if they kept at long range, took cover carefully and shot with deliberation. Warfare of this sort, which is known as guerilla fighting, requires extraordinary leadership if actual final results are expected. A party of skillful individual riflemen, if of tried courage, might seriously annoy a trained parachute platoon and do it much harm, as such men worked successfully in Indian war days. It could hardly expect to defeat, completely, the highly trained hostile team of men used to working together. But a "home guard" unit having the best rifles for accurate long range fire, outnumbering the enemy, and commanded by an officer with a clear head and, as most such officers are, with his experience in the last great war to guide him, might hope to beat the professional "team."

In plain frontal action it is unlikely that a relatively amateur outfit could beat a professional aggregation of desperate men operating alone. But it able to deliver sniping fire from both front and flanks the 'chutist unit could be overcome. The hardest thing for the amateur in such an engagement to understand is the wide front taken by the trained men, who fully comprehend the power of their weapons, their range, and who seize at once widely separate key posts for cross and frontal fire. To flank or surround them requires such wide dispersal that partly trained groups have great difficulty in maintaining contact and cooperation.

The sportsman who fancies himself as possibly participating in such affairs ought to give serious thought to the rules of land warfare as agreed on by the nations fighting the United States. In view of certain events which have happened during the past few months it may appear futile to hope that such pacts would be observed, yet it is frequently the case in war that adversaries, in the mass, have violated international agreements, will carefully observe them as they affect individuals. A nation which might cruelly bomb an undefended city may, nevertheless, treat prisoners of war very well. This has its origin in no sense of chivalry but is motivated by the desire to have their own nationals well treated if captured.

These "rules of land warfare" have their origin in a series of international pacts dating back a very long time. The Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868, the Geneva Convention of 1864 and 1906, the Hague Conventions of 1899, 1907, etc., the U.S. War Dept. General Order 100, 1863, and down to, and including certain League of Nations agreements since the last great war, form the source from which the "rules" are drawn. They are intricate and cover every possible situation which may arise in wartime for army relations with the inhabitants of conquered lands, government of occupied territory, taking and keeping of prisoners, etc. It is a phase of military law which forms one element that officers are required to study, and to know, and it is no purpose of mine to confuse the reader with a lot of irrelevant detail. It is enough if he understands that persons in the theater of war are either belligerents or non-belligerents and that every person is required to hold to his legal status.

Generally speaking a belligerent must be under command of a person responsible for his subordinates; must wear uniform or very distinctive emblems; must carry arms openly, and conduct operations in accordance with the laws and usages of war. The "distinctive emblem" item is quite a variable. At Saghallen island in 1905, in the Russo-Japanese war, some Russian troops, short of uniform, were fitted out with vivid emblems to affix to civilian caps and coats. The Japanese were notified of this. Nevertheless the Japanese executed members of the Manchurian Regiment who were taken prisoners on the ground that they did not wear distinctive uniforms distinguishable as such at the long range of modern rifle fire.

The civilian taken in arms is practically an outlaw in the military view. Germany gave the same treatment to the members of the French companies of Franc-Tireurs whom they took prisoner in the France–Prussian war of '14-'18 and in the present war. It therefore behooves us to see that home guard companies, or partisan bands which may operate anywhere in our territories, have distinctive and recognizable clothing.

The laws and usages of war forbid the use of bullets which cause unnecessary injury. It goes hard with a man having soft-nosed or "criss-crossed" bullets on his person if he falls into enemy hands. Summary action is more likely to be taken by his captors than that he ever be brought before a court. In the fury of battle soldiers are likely to settle scores with such a man out of hand and explain afterwards, if called on. It is probable that all of the game hunting ammunition in the chests of sportsmen in the United

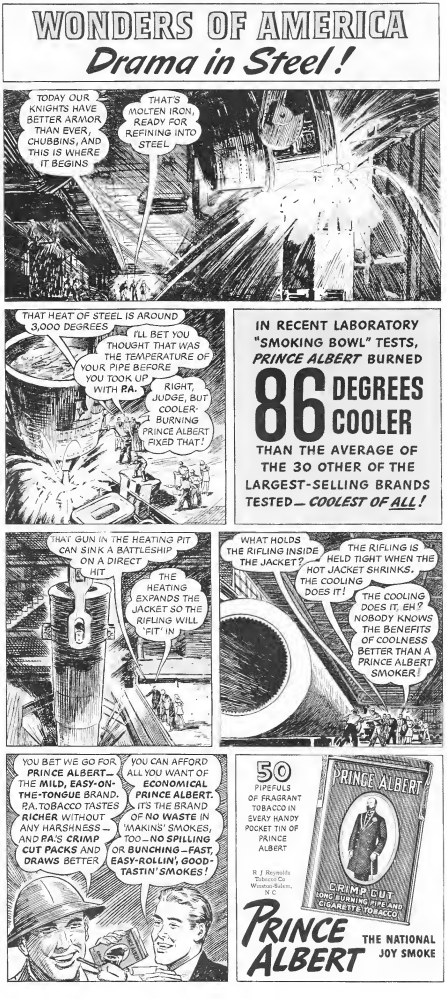
RIFLEMEN, TRAP AND SKEET SHOOTERS—Your local gun club may provide shooting instruction as part of the civilian defense program. You may be able to help. See your local gun club officers. More information in next month's Sports Afield.

States is legally improper for war use. Every sportsman that I know uses soft-point, hollow-point, or some such form of "dum dum" for deer, bear and moose. None of this would be legal on a human target in war. Paragraphs 175 and 184 of the U.S. agreements with the other belligerents expressly forbid it. While some men might disregard the rule, individually, at their peril, it is worth noting that our country has taken a high pride in keeping its solemn conventions in previous hostilities with foreign nations.

Some readers may be interested in the arguments which have caused the adoption of this rule about expanding small-arms projectiles in the international meetings at Geneva, The Hague, etc. The argument for a "humane" bullet because it gave less pain, was less likely to be fatal, carried small weight with some representatives, particularly those of the Oriental nations. But the fact that the clean hard-point bullet was apt to wound and not kill appealed for a purely military reason. A wounded man lowers the morale of those about him. It takes the time and attention of another soldier to take care of him while a dead man is simply out. For that reason, and not for the humanitarian cause, the nations adopted the law. This is certainly reaching merciful conduct by roundabout and strange reasoning.

A NUMBER of young fellows have asked me what effect ordinary rifle-fire would have on low-flying airplanes. Here, again, is the fascinating picture, in the mind's eye, of the ground man bringing down the bird from the air. The vital parts of all military planes are protected now in sufficient strength to make them practically impervious to ordinary rifle fire from the ground. It is still just possible that members of the personnel of a low-diving bomber might be hit, though it is a remote possibility. Among sporting rifles only the heavy magnum would be capable of such shooting. It comes nearer than any other to approximating the cal. .50 anti-aircraft machine gun. But the idea that ordinary rifle fire could be effective against attacking military planes of present-day types is an illusion, my Air Corps friends say. In fact the statements made in this paragraph are all, indirectly, from fliers with whom I have discussed this. Not being an air man myself I would not presume to advance such opinions as my own.

From all the foregoing it appears that sportsmen who want to do their bit in a military way, but are not eligible for the regular armed forces, would be wise to have the stamp of legality on their actions by being members of the organized home guard where they live, to give themselves the status of proper belligerents. To make themselves better at guerilla fighting they can not study too much the business of "taking cover" and "judging the ground," as I tried to make clear in the first article of this series, "Sportsmen and Military Training." They would do well to enter on their course seriously. As hunters they know that bear and deer are very cunning. The man-animal is much more so. When trained he is as quick, and more deadly, than the tiger. When you hunt him you have got to be good!





How Much Speed Do I Need?

Speed One of Many Factors to Consider When Selecting Boat and Motor

One point about angling to which very few fishermen have ever been found objecting is that this favorite sport can be enjoyed without too much deep digging into the pocketbook. The boat and motor may easily be the largest item on the fisherman's budget. With the many sizes, types, weights and shapes of boats available, and of motors, it is no wonder the fisherman may have several conferences with himself, and with others, before choosing a boat for his angling.

One of the not unimportant points to be always considered is the question of speed. Speed is such an important part of our daily life, and probably will be as long as the mechanical age lasts, that its influence, it seems, permeates everything. The result of this, so far as the fisherman and his new boat are concerned, is usually either that the angler gives too much consideration to speed or that, fed up with ideas of hustle, racing and sweat, he does not give it enough.

The statement is often heard by the fisherman considering a new boat that he is "not interested in speed," or that "speed is of no consequence." He does not mean this too literally, of course; he dislikes crawling along at ½ m. p. h. as much as anyone else. What he does mean is just this. He may or may not enjoy running a boat at a fast clip, but at any rate he does not want to pay extra, or sacrifice any other quality of boat or motor, in order to obtain speed beyond what his fishing needs call for. If he likes speeding thrills he's satisfied to get them some other way.



No balancing act is necessary when the boat has sufficient beam. The stability allows the fisherman to stand up or to lean toward the side, yet surely still stay in the boat.

But once the question is resolved to that of how much speed is needed strictly from a fishing standpoint, no crystal ball is required to discover that the whole matter of speed is still somewhat complicated. Unfortunately speed is not a special extra factor in boating that can be altered without disturbing anything else. Change the speed requirements for the new boat and all points such as seaworthiness, portability, riding qualities and carrying capacity will have to be re-examined.

It is the close inter-relation of speed to these other factors that makes it poor policy to settle the question of speed by simply "being sure to have enough." Such a sloppy approach to the subject has little merit. Usually the small-boat fisherman with his idea does his "making sure" by purchasing an outboard motor somewhat larger than the average size recommended for the boat he buys, and one more over-powered and therefore unsafe small boat is added to the great number already at large.

HOW MUCH SPEED MAY I EXPECT?

The following table gives an idea of average speeds that may be expected from small boats, when powered with suitable motors.

Type of boat	*Motors*	*Speeds*
Rowboats and portable boats	½- 4 h. p.	4- 8 m. p. h.
Canoes and kayaks	½- 4 h. p.	4-10 m. p. h.
Large rowboats and utility outboards (non-planing type)	3-10 h. p.	5-12 m. p. h.
Outboard planing hulls, utility or runabout type	3- or 7-24 h. p.	5-30 m. p. h.

(Some hulls of this type are not satisfactory when driven at less than planing speeds. With these, 7 h. p. is a practical minimum. Over 24 h. p. may be used with the largest planing hulls, but is not suited to average. A 16 h. p. motor on the average outboard planing hull will give about 20-25 m. p. h.)

Small inboard utility boats	Same as outboards of similar power	
Inboard planing hulls, utility or runabout type	25-200 h. p. or more	15-40 m. p. h. or more



It's hard to beat the car-top boat and outboard for quiet stream fishing. Between automobile and motor on the stern of the boat even the most distant creek can be reached in time for all the casting the wrist will stand.

Any angler can determine approximately the speed he needs for his fishing boat without going to any extraordinary trouble. Once he has found it, he is in a position to consider it in its proper relation to the requirements of portability, seaworthiness and the like.

First and foremost, naturally, is the matter of how great the water distances are the boat must cover. With small motorboats, and fresh-water fishing, anglers generally do not like to spend more than one half or three quarters of an hour reaching the fishing grounds once they have started the motor. This conception varies widely, of course. The picture is quite altered if one trolls along the way, for instance.

A great number of the small outboard fishing boats make around seven to 10 miles an hour. If the fishing grounds are not more than five miles away, then, this speed should prove sufficient with most anglers. On the other hand if the spot to be fished is around 10 miles or so off the fisherman had better set his speed plans at 15 m. p. h. or higher. Much depends on whether the distances involved are the farthest the angler will ever go by water or whether he expects to cover it every fine day during the season. The ardent fisherman, frequently re-traveling the same route, usually needs a little more speed than average.

Calculating distances on water is difficult even for experts. Fishermen often have the most absurd ideas of water distances, even the ones most familiar to them and their boats. Sometimes one of the best things the angler who is considering a new boat can do is to get out a surveyed map and see where he is really going to go. This advice isn't so much needed by the man who operates on the large, navigable waterways, as maps may be second nature to him. But smaller rivers, creeks and small fresh-water lakes are the only "grounds" for many fishermen.

Tides and currents may merit some thought when the speed question comes up. If the angler must fight a swift-river current, particularly at the long end of the day, a fairly fast boat may be the only thing that will suit him. Once I suggested a certain 10-mile-an-hour craft to an interested fisherman. But he wrote back "The current in the river here is 11 miles an hour, so you can see you wouldn't make it!" Actually the speeds of various river currents are much exaggerated in careless talk. Before buying a fast boat especially for any river it is wise to check to see just what power are the smallest boats commonly used on the river, and what speed they appear to make.

Incidentally watching, or riding in other boats will help the fisherman determine just what speeds he wants, particularly if he can ride over his own fishing route. What if he can't estimate accurately what the speed is, in terms of miles per hour? He can tell quickly enough if it's a speed he likes or not, at least.

Many a fishing boat is used for other purposes part of the time. Perhaps the kids use it while Dad is working. All this may influence speed requirements.

MOST important of all, though, are the personal factors. All too many anglers do not realize what speed they really want until after the boat is purchased. It is seldom wise to purchase a boat slightly slower than the one the friend or neighbor has, or one markedly slower than what the fisherman is accustomed to. No matter how sensible such a procedure may seem on paper, it is only too likely in practice to become a matter of extraordinary irritation.

There are boats, and motors, available for almost any speed desired. Under normal conditions the fisherman can get what he wants. He must realize, though, that if he is insistent upon a certain speed he may have to sacrifice something else. A man determined to have easy portability and speed both in a utility fishing boat may get them, but likely safety will go out the window.

Floorboards Should Not Be Allowed to Work Loose

MANY outboard runabouts and utility boats have floorboards that are screwed to the frames. If any of these screws start to work loose, they should be tightened immediately. If this is not done the screws may be pulled so they will not hold. If the loose screw will no longer hold, a fresh screw should be put in at once at a nearby point.

Loose floorboards are bad for two rea-



Owned by Uncle Sam, many small cruisers are operating under the defense program. This is a Chris-Craft, powered by two 155 h.p. Diesel engines, for a speed of 16 m.p.h.



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may form an element in the longitudinal strength of the boat. And a loose floorboard is a particularly disagreeable and perhaps even dangerous thing to trip over. An unscrewed floorboard will catch on almost anything, especially a trouser cuff, and when uncaught, intentionally or accidentally, will snap back into place with a crack that may trap toes, or fingers that have been doing the untangling.

✦ ✦ ✦

Outboard and Inboard

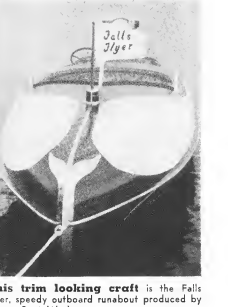
WHAT'S the difference between an outboard boat and an inboard boat? Of course—one has the motor hung over the stern and with the other the motor is installed in the boat with the shaft running through the bottom, or perhaps through the stern. That's the obvious difference; but there is an important difference often forgotten or never heard of. It's not obvious. It has to do with the design of the boat.

One factor a boat designer has to consider in deciding on the under-water lines is weight distribution in the boat. He not only wants to know how much weight there will be, and how much power there will be, but just where this weight will be, and of course the weight of the power plant is an important item.

When a modern-designed outboard boat, then, is converted into an inboard by the mere placing of an inboard motor on the bottom somewhere, it is hard to hope for anything better than a makeshift. A boat designed for 50 pounds on the transom may have 250 somewhere around the middle of the boat, or perhaps more. If it is an automobile engine it will be more like 500 or 600 pounds. Indeed, with an automobile engine we can about give up hope of anything as good as a makeshift and only hope it won't be dangerous, if any speed at all is involved.

Correspondingly, the best efficiency cannot be expected from the operation of a boat designed for an inboard motor if it is powered solely with an outboard.

✦ ✦ ✦



This trim looking craft is the Falls Flyer, speedy outboard runabout produced by Larson Boat Works.

Don't Let That Heavy Anchor Slap the Boat

THERE'S no time the anchor feels any heavier than just after it's been pulled over the side of the boat. The temptation to then let it down with a "plunk" on the bottom is sometimes too great to resist. After all, what is a drop of a few feet? It won't go through the bottom of the boat.

Or won't it? There is always that possibility; but of more practical importance usually is the fact boats are not built to receive sudden, severe thrusts at any one point in the bottom. If the anchor is dropped severely no obvious damage of any sort may occur, still the whole "back" of the boat may be sprained in such a way that small leaks spring up at various seams.

Slam-bang treatment with the anchor is occasionally the cause of a leaky boat.

✦ ✦ ✦

Conserved Coveys

(Continued from page 37)

ready, Danny pointing in his own competent, yet low-tailed fashion.

Ott began casing back. I began folding my camera.

"You take this single," he suggested. "I'll go get my two. Wait unto I shoot, please."

I waited. While Ott closed in behind his good dog Dick, talking to him softly the while. While the scattered covey dribbled up and sped away, perfect opportunity for five shots. While two reverberating reports rang across the land and two beautiful brown bodies came tumbling down.

Then, and then only, I stepped past Danny, my left hand giving him a pat of appreciation as I passed.

"Good dog Danny," I complimented him for his staunchness. "Nice work."

The single,—it was a single as Ott had surmised,—got up with a great wing clatter and started off, an ideal straight-away which I recall with pleasure even yet.

"Now feller," I said to Ott, at 11 o'clock a.m., photographs taken, birds and dogs loaded up, turning our conveyance back toward town, "tell me. How come?"

Ott laughed.

"See that fence?" pointing to the huge hedge where we had found the first covey.

"Sure," I admitted.

"And that one?" forefinger tracing out the bisecting hedge where covey number two had enlightened our lives.

"I see it."

"The angle of those hedges is the southwest corner of a square section of land," Ott went on.

"Well?" I groped, "Oh! The Powder Section. Well?"

"Well!" echoed Ott. "Well! Two years ago five pairs of bobwhites were planted in that Powder Section. The state made a game preserve out of it. Today you



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and I reaped the results of planting and preserving bobwhite quail. Would you say it was a success?"

"Would I!" I enthused. "I'll say! Four coveys *outside* after only two years. What must there be inside?"

"I wouldn't know," Ott laughed. "But you and I will find out, this winter, when we feed them."

Jumping Tarpon

(Continued from page 32)

store. A level winding reel holding 100 yards of 18 to 20 pound test line, either nylon or silk, and a rod five to five and one-half feet will make your outfit.

If you hook 10 tarpon and lose nine, do not get discouraged; this is the average. The inside of a tarpon's mouth is like porcelain with hardly a nook or corner for the hook to take hold on. But those that get away will leap, jump, splash around and perform acrobatics before they throw the hook. You will have fun galore.

Suppose you hook one that cannot shake loose even after a dozen loop the loops through the air, reel him in, but, brother fisherman, do not gaff the fish. Net him or just pull him into the boat by the wire leader, carefully remove the hook and return the fish to the water. You cannot eat this beautiful looking fish, he is full of bones and has poor meat. A tarpon is nothing more than an overgrown herring. So let him go and some other time he will give you the same thrill all over again.

If you wish to take home more than memories, then get a camera with fast shutter speed, nothing less than 1/1000 of a second, and a fast film with 100 Sheinor degrees. Set your lens opening as the light meter tells you to and be quick on the trigger. These bodies are fast. A hooked tarpon is more in the air than in the water, so you will have plenty chances to snap him. A speed of 1/1000 of a second will stop the action of the fish, it even shows water drops in the air.

It is next to impossible to set the camera for the proper distance as you cannot tell where the fish will break water —you have to take a guess and trust to good luck that you hit it right.

A filter K-1 or K-2 or a light green filter will improve the quality of your pictures. A lens shade is an absolute necessity, otherwise the reflection of sun, water, bright leaves or other light objects will spoil many a good shot.

Six Million Hunters Are Available for Home Defense

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY survey shows that America's six million hunters provide the nation with a far broader base for a home defense guard than Great Britain had at the start of the war. The study cites 10 million rifles sold in the past 10 years as an indication that Americans are far more proficient in handling firearms than citizens of Britain, in which country hunting is much less prevalent.

Gun clubs throughout the United States are offering shooting instruction—rifle and shot gun.

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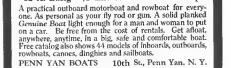


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FISH and FISHING

Edited by Cal. Johnson

HOW TO FISH FOR

Trout in Early Spring

Lures, Baits and Methods to Catch Spring Trout, Which Are Bottom Feeders

SPRINGTIME, the time of year that beckons eagerly to all fishermen, is rapidly approaching. Soon the icy formations will go tumbling down stream and the open face of the brook will once again sparkle and gurgle in the sunlight. It is a fascinating time for every enthusiast of trout fishing—a time when the Red Gods call. Out of storage come the fly rod, reel, line, leaders, flies, nymphs, snelled hooks, split-shot, bait-box, creel, waders and tackle accessories, to be used in quest of the season's initial catch of wily denizens of the chilly stream.

Stream and weather conditions vary greatly from one opening day to another. Some seasons the waters are normal or near normal with little rain, while other years find the streams swollen and roily, with prolonged rains causing freshiets to fill the main stream with waters that overflow the banks. However, regardless of water or weather conditions, few trout fishermen forego the opportunity to wet their lures on the opening day in hopes of experiencing the thrill of feeling a bending, vibrating fly-rod as a hooked trout tugs and squirms in an effort to break away. It's the way to start the season right—for, fish or no fish, it extends an opportunity to contact a stream and shake off the case of "fishinitis" that usually holds a tight grasp on most fishermen for several weeks preceding the opening day.

Spring trout are peculiar performers and methods of angling for them depend largely upon local conditions. If the waters are clear and not too high one can resort to the usual selection of artificial wet-flies and nymphs, but darkened and high waters call for bait fishing if a creel of trout is to be caught. Spring trout are known as bottom or deep feeders, due to the fact that they seek the nymphs and larvae of aquatic insects, such as the May fly, stone fly, caddis fly, hellgrammite and other water bugs. Naturally, then, the use of any natural insect as bait attracts the trout, or the use of the artificial nymph and wet-fly, if expertly used, may bring results.

The universal favorite bait of the early spring trout fisherman is the lowly angleworm, with the white grub a close second. Due to the abundance of earthworms in most areas, the former type of natural bait is the most popular. Worming for trout is really a fascinating sport during early spring, especially when angling for rainbows, brookies and brown trout. The brown and brook trout, especially, can be taken quite easily on angleworms during the fore part of the season.



Early spring trouting oftentimes produces a catch of big ones. Trout feed deeply at this time and gorge their stomachs with nymphs and larvae of the May fly, caddis fly, stone fly, hellgrammite and other aquatic insects. This lucky angler made his catch in the Algoma District of Ontario.

BAIT fishing is an "art" in itself. It requires skill in manipulating the bait properly and a knowledge of trout characteristics and habits. Perhaps the main point to worming for trout is patience. One should fish slowly and quietly. Permit the trout to swim to you, rather than for you to wander up and down a stream hunting for them, as is practiced when fishing the artificial fly. Spring trout move about a great deal, but when they locate a deep pool they stick around and watch for morsels of food that float down stream. However, the fish also seek larvae in the riffles and darkened waters along the shores.

Large rainbows and steelhead trout strike minnows readily during the spring period. Hundreds of very large trout are taken from the bigger streams and rivers with live minnows and spinners. Cast the minnow into the flowing waters above a deep pool and permit the bait to work its way downstream and into the deeper waters. The trout usually lie in the quieter waters below the rapids or the falls and gobble the minnow when it reaches their location. The bait is struck hard and a lively fight results before the fish is finally subdued.

Another excellent lure for large trout is the streamer fly and spinner. A fly of this type represents a live minnow in action and will account for many strikes when worked in the likely-looking pools and stretches of deep waters above the



Let George do it! At least, so it can be said in this group without much argument for they are in reality three Georges. They are displaying a creel of early spring trout taken from a southern Michigan stream. Left to right: George Davies, George Cooper and George Stephenson, all of South Bend, Ind.

rapids or deep in the holes.

Most of the smaller brook trout streams of the middle-west are brushy and difficult to fly fish at any time, therefore the worming method is used throughout the season. Brook trout are great worm feeders and by tossing the bait into the small pools and deep sockets close to the shore a good catch is usually experienced. A short, stiff rod is ideal for bait fishing. The longer and more flexible rod is better adapted for fishing the larger or open streams where an artificial fly can also be used. Ambling along a small brushy brook and attempting to handle a long fly rod is anything but fun, whereas the rod of about seven to seven and one-half feet in length, with a fairly stiff action, is much more successful.

THE casting of a shadow over roily spring waters may not be as serious as it is after the stream clears later in the season, but just as much care should be practiced in traversing the banks of a trout stream during early spring as at any other time of the season. Trout are extremely nervous and cautious at all times, therefore the angler who approaches each spot quietly and with care usually manages to make the better catches. In some instances trout will seem utterly unafraid and strike a bait or fly within a few feet of the fisherman. In fact, I have felt the sleek body of a large rainbow rub against my hip-boot as I waded a roily stream while worm fishing. However, that is the exception rather than the rule, for we are certainly aware that trout are wary fish and plenty fast on the trigger when they are frightened.

The optical vision of a trout, or any fish for that matter, may be poor insofar as sighting a pair of fisherman's legs in the water, especially if the fisherman happens to be moving quietly and slowly. Still, we all have seen trout make a lightning-like dart for cover when we approached too close—and on most occasions the trout sighted or detected the angler's presence before the angler noticed the trout. Maybe vibration caused by the grinding of the fisherman's boots on the small stones and sands of the stream bottom telegraphed a warning to the trout, rather than the fish sighting the approach of the angler.



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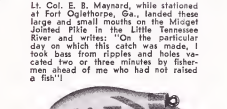
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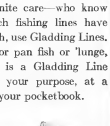
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American trout waters vary considerably, of course. Some waters are extremely fast—so fast, in fact, that to wade them would mean being swept off your feet more than once during the course of the day's fishing. Real fast river waters are usually deep and the use of a canoe or boat is necessary to reach the best locations. Fishing large trout from a boat or canoe is a thrilling occupation, and it takes an expert boatman to handle the craft while the fish is being played. The speed and strength of a large trout calls for plenty of skill on the fisherman's part and to lose one or two trout before one is landed is no disgrace.

Most of our trout streams, however, can be waded throughout their course, or at least in some sections, particularly the upper reaches. To me, trout fishing calls for a stream that can be navigated in a pair of waders or hip boots. The feel of the flowing waters against my boots adds something to the experience, and the chance to battle a trout directly in his own element is another thing to consider. It always will be a thrill and satisfaction to dip my landing net into the cool, flowing waters where I can slip it underneath a sleek trout after an exciting battle in mid-stream where the waters tumble and foam around rocks and boulders.

Just the song and tinkle of the stream, the buzzing insect life flitting about my head, the cooling breeze that crosses the stream, the sight and scent of the foaming, bubbling hole below a falls, the smell of musk from the mossy, swampy thicket that borders the stream, the call of a bluejay or sight of a sandpiper, the splash of water as a trout strikes the surface with its tail, the swish of my fly-line and the sight of the leader as it cuts its way through the waters are reward enough for any of my early spring trout expeditions, for I know that a creel of trout will come later when the waters are lower, the weather warmer and artificial flies will replace my box of garden hackle. And, after all, whoever said, "It is not only fish to fishing" knew whereof he spoke.

Select the Right Fly Casting Reel

Of the two definite types of fly casting reels, namely, the automatic reel and the click reel, many fishermen seem to have difficulty in deciding just which type to select. Truly, it is much a matter of personal preference as either type of reel will perform perfectly and do the job as expected if handled properly. Of recent years the automatic reel has become more popular, especially among anglers who fish for bass and salmon, or any of the large species of trout. However, there are just as many click reels in use today as ever before, so perhaps the increase in the use of either type of reel is due to the increase in the number of fishermen rather than in any marked lean toward one type or another.

The great advantage claimed by the automatic fly reel is in its ability to retrieve line rapidly without the necessity of reeling by hand. By a mere pressure of the



The 32-pound thriller was caught in Mann Lake, Minnesota, last September by Dr. H. C. Remele of Northfield, Minnesota, who has fished many places, but still thinks home state muskies are okay.

little finger on a small lever the spring tension built within the reel is set to working and the spool spins at a rapid clip, retrieving line at a lightning-like speed. The line that is retrieved is the slack line held in the left hand or that permitted to drift along in the water. Never is a fish played directly from the reel. The automatic reel is not built to battle fish from that point. The fish is handled exactly as it is when using the click reel by retrieving the direct pull with the hand.

Any type of fly reel is built in varying sizes. The usual run is capacities of 25, 30, 50 and 75 yards of G line, with some running as high as 80 yards of G line. The two smaller sizes are best adapted for panfish and trout, the medium to large are for bass and large trout, or salmon.

The automatic fly reel has been improved of recent years and can now be purchased with a friction clutch which permits more line to be stripped off the spool after the spring has been wound up. This feature allows maximum freedom in playing a hooked fish. The older type of automatic reel would permit only a given amount of line to be stripped off the spool before the spring would tighten and prevent any further movement. However, the modern free stripping reel with friction clutch has eliminated such disagreeable points. The tension on the spring is, of course, tightened as the line is stripped from the reel, just as was the case with the older styles. When the line is retrieved as far as it will go all that is necessary is to give the rewind cap a few twists and the balance of the line can be reeled in automatically.

When fishing the smaller trout streams

where a short line is mostly used, the click reel is ideal. The click reel has its good points, too. It is built lighter in weight than the automatic and can be taken down with greater ease. In fact, when purchasing an automatic fly reel little is mentioned regarding weight, the major feature stressed being the rapid line retrieving action. But unless you intend to fish large waters and handle a longer line than is done on an average, the single action fly reel will more than please.

There was a time when the finnicky angler selected his fly reel according to the weight of his rod. The old rule was to select a reel that weighed approximately one and one-half times the weight of the fly rod. Things just had to balance somehow, according to the angler of other days. Well, even now it is well to select a rod and reel that "feels" comfortable in the hand. But the proper way to get the correct "feel" is by doing a bit of experimenting with the outfit all rigged up—rod, reel, line, leader and assorted fly-rod lures.

It is only natural that a fly rod outfit will feel different when 10 or 15 yards of line are out. Then, too, there is the size of line to consider. If the rod and reel are of the correct proportions and the line happens to be too light or too heavy, everything will be off balance, if we may use the term "balance." You know, some well known experienced fly fishermen tip their noses when the point of "balance" is mentioned, believing there is no such thing. Maybe they are right. You can judge for yourself after you do a bit of experimenting in rigging up your own fly fishing outfit.

At any rate, balance or no balance, there certainly is a point where the outfit "feels" comfortable, and that's the point you must decide when purchasing a new fly fishing outfit. The reel perhaps does not make so much difference providing the line is of the correct size and weight, but in the event light weight is the big factor then select a reel of the single action type. However, if convenience is the high point, then select a good free stripping automatic fly reel. In either case I feel you will be satisfied.

← ← ←

Noisy Baits Will Attract Black Bass

Did you ever watch a fisherman sneak quietly around a bunch of willows along the shore bordering a darkened pool where bass were known to reside, then cast a heavy plug directly into the center of the pool with a loud splash and retrieve the lure in an erratic fashion that made even a greater racket upon the surface? Then, all of a sudden up pops a large bass and grasps the plug—and then the main racket really begins. After the fish is landed you have to admit that noise doesn't scare the fish—that is, any noise the lure happened to create.

Yes, black bass are pugnacious fellows. I don't believe they are really afraid of anything. When one experiences strike after strike directly alongside the boat, or just a couple of feet from where you are standing on the dock, you are com-





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pelled to come to the conclusion that black bass, at least, is one species of game fish that care little for the commotions made by the fisherman. In fact, they like it. No wonder they boast the reputation of being the spunkiest fish for their size that swim.

Some of the most successful bass lures are those that create a racket when retrieved or worked upon the surface of the waters. The popping type of lure is usually sure-fire when the fish are feeding, and any plug with spinners at either end, or both ends, that whirls the water into a foam when reeled over the surface attracts fighting bass. Then we must consider the new plugs which are filled with shot and rattle their way over the waters, for they cause bass to perk up and strike like mad. Anything that seems alive is deadly for black bass, and it seems that the more noise the lure makes the better are the chances of catching bass at any time.

But now the question arises—do the bass really "hear" the noise created by the lure, or do they merely see the commotion on the surface? If the fish hears by its nerve system, then whatever vibration might be cast off by the plug would be heard. However, it seems reasonable to believe that many plugs that make a commotion in the water when retrieved do not necessarily cast off a vibration that could be "heard" by the fish, but they surely attract bass. If this is so, then there is perhaps a combination of vibration and noise that attracts the fish.

On many occasions the quieter lures fail to bring in a catch, especially when the bass are in a logy condition. But attach a popping lure to your leader and roll up the quiet waters and see what happens. The black bass likes a scrap and when he sees anything skipping and jumping over the waters it gets his goat and he can't resist swimming after it. It's the fighting heart that's in him—or can it be that he is too dumb to know the difference? I can't make myself believe the latter. Can you?

CAL JOHNSON'S Fish and Fishing department is a monthly feature of Sports Afield.

Capricious Bass

(Continued from page 21)

both dodged as he threw the lure straight at the boat.

"I'd still like to see you land a bass," I said, but I was pretty excited.

I tossed my lure to the spot where the bass had disappeared, allowed it to come to rest, popped it, waited, popped again, retrieved. Fred cast to the same place, waited a full 10 seconds, twitched the lure slightly, waited again, moved the lure a little harder, and a big bass struck it with the ferocity of an enraged bull.

Fred brought the fish to net finally and held it up for inspection, a black and green beauty with the red and white cause of its downfall stuck in its upper jaw. That the lure would be interesting to a bass I never had doubted, but I did marvel that any lure could attract a fish to the surface from water as deep as this.



George M. Rintamaki, Newberry, Mich.

New Record for Michigan was made when Mrs. James Ostrander speared this 24½-pound, 46 inch northern pike. Mrs. Ostrander and her son Jim (above) live in Curtis, Mich.

"I'm crazy! The bass are crazy! You're crazy!" Fred said. He was having the time of his life.

To prove that the two strikes had not been flukes, he hooked another on the very next try. Things quieted for awhile after that and then I caught two in quick succession. Every strike came after the lure had been on the water an appreciable length of time and while it was either motionless or had just been popped. My second strike came while I was lighting a cigarette, after the lure had floated motionless for at least a minute.

Fred took three more, smaller than the others, returned them to the water and we called it a day.

The whole experience seemed absurd—crazy. We discussed it happily until sleep came late that night. The thing that bothered me most was that we had not tried any other lures. Perhaps they might have hit other plugs just as readily. Fred would not admit this possibility. He was sold on the lures, even considered throwing away all the others he had.

Well, we didn't take any more bass that week under quite the same conditions, nor have I since under such a combination of seemingly adverse conditions. But at more appropriate times and places I have taken many a bass on the hybrids, both largemouth and smallmouth, and they still have a place in my overcrowded tackle box even though their finish is badly marred and their lustre somewhat dimmed.

Know Your Fish!

(Continued from page 35)

waters, and where timber is cut away, exposing streams and their mossy banks to the hot rays of the sun, they soon die out. This has happened to many of our trout streams that once were abundant with Brook Trout. Brown Trout and Rainbow Trout have been introduced into many of these waters, because they do better in these warmer waters.

To many fishermen, a trout is perhaps just a trout and they care little whether they catch one kind or another, but the Chars are snappy warriors, no doubt because they do inhabit cold waters and

if we want these fighting fish and do not wish to go on long trips to cold northern waters to catch them, we will have to keep our timber alive along our trout streams. These streams are kept cold by the ice that is kept from melting by the heavy mosses along the streams. When the timber is cut, the moss dies and there is no ice. No timber, no moss; no moss, no ice; no ice, no cold streams; no cold streams, no Chars.

Did You Say Steelhead?

(Continued from page 19)

wasn't any comeback to that—my angling wife had other things to think about. And after she had them all thought out, a 10½-pound steelhead lay glistening before her.

We both rested a bit after that. But there wasn't much rest for my partner. The steelhead fever was upon her and it wasn't long before she was back at her casting, determined to match my catch of two steelhead.

A dozen times, perhaps, the bait whipped out beside the log jam and drifted through the pool, without so much as a snag to halt its course.

Then . . . Zowie! Another line-end explosion, another steelhead on and another nerve-wracking half hour.

I could hardly believe it then, I have trouble believing it now, but when that battle was over, another 16-pound steelhead was on the shore beside the 10½-pounder.

Four beautiful steelhead in one day, thanks to a road crew that jerked out a bridge and forced us to keep on fishing!

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Well, listen to this:

I fished four full seasons before I hooked a steelhead.

Undoubtedly, I would have landed fish during those four long seasons if I could have settled down to join what we call the "goofer" school of steelhead fishing. A "goofer" finds a deep pool to which he knows a steelhead must come sooner or later, throws a hook well covered with salmon eggs into it, braces his rod over a forked stick and sits down to await developments, if any.

We of the "drifting" or "never a dull moment" school work a bit harder for our fish, but have a lot more fun. We cover miles of river in a day, working every inch of every likely-looking pool and riffle. Sometimes we go all day without a strike. But think of the thrill of anticipation that goes into every cast, of the tingle of expectation that comes with each new alluring stretch of water.

"Goofer" and "drifter" alike use salmon eggs for bait, and let it be said here that no angler "loses face" by covering his hook with a gob of salmon eggs when fishing for winter-run steelhead. Following the salmon spawning runs up the West Coast streams, steelhead feed almost exclusively on salmon eggs. So, for winter-run steelhead the bait is salmon eggs, and there's an end to it.

THE theory in "drifting" is to have your gob of salmon eggs float with the current, close to the bottom of the stream, much as a natural bit of salmon

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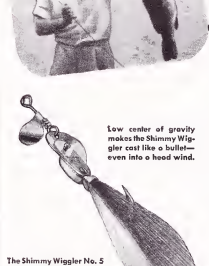
Above, "Steelhead Louie" Gephart, Eureka, California—14-lb. 14-oz. steelhead trout, taken on an Ashaway fly line.

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roe would float down the stream. To accomplish this, a dangling sinker is employed. The sinker hangs on a 4 or 5-inch piece of leader or grocery string from the swivel at the end of the line. The leader, 12 to 15 inches long, extends with the current from the same swivel. With this hook-up, the sinker bumps along the bottom and the bait floats with the current about four or five inches off the bottom.

Using a two-fisted rod about 8 or 9 feet long, but not too stiff, we "drifters" cast from the shallow side of the river across the current to a point as close to the far, deep bank as safety will permit. Then, as the current sweeps the bait along the bottom in a wide, deep arc, we hold the rod tip well up, the line taut, weighing and analyzing each bounce of the sinker, lest it be the sometimes shy strike of a steelhead. If a cast fails to produce, we move on a few steps and try again, thus testing every foot of water that seems to have possibilities.

It is strenuous fishing, particularly in late January or February when winds are raw and temperatures sometimes skid so low that we frequently must pause to dip rod and line under the water to thaw out ice-clogged guides.

But there is no fish like the steelhead, and no clan of fishermen so incurable as steelheaders.

Doc's a Card

(Continued from page 17)

the cabin as I put on my waders and looked over my tackle. This surely looked like a rare evening for trout, so I was anxious to get to the stream, which was only a mile away. Doc took so long in getting started that I opened his screen door to see what he was doing. Here he was with his fiddle in his hands!

"Hey Doc! This is no time for music —there's fishing to be done!"

"I know, I know, but I bet that leader you gave me last week and so I'm takin' the E string from the old fiddle. I'm goin' to bait fish tonight. Those big buck browns have teeth like a cross cut saw, and you can't beat an E string for a bait fishin' leader!"

Doc's a card! He's always pulling something new. His old hound dog, Ranger, had dragged himself to his feet and stood watching expectantly, his tail wagging.

"You stay and watch the place—we're goin' fishin'! Pretty soon huntin' season'll be here and your turn'll come," Doc admonished his old dog. Ranger seemed to understand and lay down stiffly.

"He was some dog in his day," continued Doc, with a twinkle in his eye. "Why I remember the time he picked up an old coon track and trailed it all the way down to the State University where one of the lads was wearing the hide in his raccoon coat. Come on, let's get goin'!"

On our way to the stream Doc whetted my fishing appetite further by telling me that my friend Jack had taken two brown trout of 20 and 22 inches the night before from the same stretch of water we expected to fish.

It didn't take very long to get to the Pine where Doc and I started to walk upstream. We hadn't gone very far before I noticed that the mosquitoes might be

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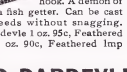
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tough that evening, so I commenced to paw around in my creel for the mosquito repellant.

"Looks as though I'll have to walk back to the car for the skeeter dope," I said.

"Never mind," answered Doc, "I've got two bottles with me. Made it myself. Here, take this one."

He had two small bottles, one light and one dark. I surmised that the light colored one was citronella while the black bottle contained some pine tar dope. Since beggars can't be chosers, I took the black bottle he handed me with thanks and continued upstream while he stopped to plunk with worms in his favorite hole. I could hardly spare the time to apply some of Doc's dope, but I did take a few precious moments to slap some on. I like the fresh, pungent smell of pine tar but this stuff of Doc's was terrible! What in the world could he have put into it? And the mosquitoes—they loved it! But more of that later.

WHEN I stepped into the crystal clear water several hundred yards upstream, I noticed several large May flies flying about 15 feet above the water, almost an infallible sign of a hatch of "shads," as they are called locally, at dusk. We find that the best time to take large browns in "shad-time" is when the hatch and flight is on, when the first few drop here and there on the surface. This lasts from 15 to 30 minutes. Then they drop so fast that the surface is actually covered with dead and dying shad flies. When this happens the large trout quit feeding on the surface and only occasional small trout rise at long intervals.

There was no time to lose, because my only chance of tying into a good fish was to present my imitations before the stream was covered with the real thing. On with the well soaked leader—then the cream colored long hackled fly, next the dry fly dope, then a few casts downstream to straighten out the leader and remove the surplus dope. As I turned to start upstream I heard in that still air the unmistakable "pop" or sucking sound of a big brown feeding about 50 feet ahead. I could see the vanishing circles where he had risen. Approaching carefully and remembering that the first cast must be the perfect one, I placed the fly about two feet above and the same distance to the side of where I thought he would lie, close to an overhanging elderberry bush in full bloom. He steamed out, sucked in the fly with the same "pop" and the fun was on.

He threw water clear across the creek when he felt the hook and immediately turned for his hole under the elderberry. I knew that if I didn't control him then and there, he'd control the situation. If he once got his head down, he'd do me up in a hurry, so I gave him the butt of the rod and prayed that the leader would hold. It did, and I was able to hold him struggling on the surface.

These big browns have sharp teeth and he threshed about so ferociously that I was fearful he might saw off the gut leader in his struggles, but I finally got my net under him—stepped onto the bank and laid him in the grass where I admired his beauty. He was fully 19



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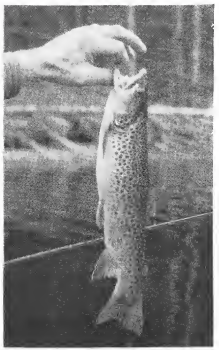


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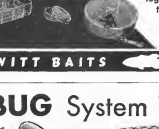


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inches long. It seemed a shame to give him the quietus with the Pocket Priest, which my friends kid me about, but which I think is the real McCoy.

A most auspicious start, I thought, as I continued upstream. Two smaller trout followed; then I tied into one I couldn't handle. He caught me by surprise in the dusk, got below me under a hollow bank full of alder roots and broke the leader. By this time it was almost dark. The shads were coming so thick that I knew I might as well quit fishing for that evening and start downstream to see how Doc had fared.

"Hey Doc!" I hailed, as soon as I saw him. "You gave me the skeeter attractor instead of the repellent!"

Doc was bluffed for a minute because he really thought it was good, but he's quick on the trigger.

"Well, y'see, I tried a new formulee on this. That stuff you're using is made from chokecherry bark to pucker up the sucker!" Doc's a card!

With a twinkle in his eye he passed over the citronella bottle and then reached back in the grass for the switch which held four fat trout.

"How do you like these?" he exulted.

"You've got me in numbers, but how do you like this?" and I held up my prize.

"Suffering cats! Where did you get him? At the Elderberry Hole?" I nodded. "Well, let's get into your car and I'll tell you a good one about that very same trout, or one just like it."

Doc wound his E string on his fingers, tucked it into his shirt pocket while I got out my flashlight so we could avoid the obstructions on the trail to the car.

"Let's have that story, Doc," said I, as I slammed the car door and stepped on the starter.

"You remember that lawyer feller who camped by the two bridges all last summer?" he started.

"You mean the fellow with all the

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If Weber makes it-a fish takes it

housekeeping shortcuts who made one operation of boiling his coffee and eggs together in the morning?"

"He's the one. Well, when he first got into this country he was as green as grass when it came to foolin' the big browns. He'd been used to fishing in a country where they had brooks and rainbows in fast water. Our gin-clear brown trout streams had him buffaloed. He was a persistent cuss, though. It wasn't long before he began to catch a few small trout. Fishermen would stop to talk to him after they came off the streams and give him a fish now and then. It didn't take long before he lost his appetite for eating them. But he didn't lose his appetite for catching them, no siree!

"You know I never lose my appetite for trout because in cleaning them I always scrape the skin with a sharp knife. I dip 'em in water, scrape 'em, and keep on repeating this until all of that waterproofing or slime disappears. Boy, I'm tellin' you I can eat 'em till the bones start comin' out of my cheeks and I start to grow gills myself!

"Well sir, he got to know the places where the big ones hung out, would remember where they rose and be extra careful when he came to that place the next time. It didn't take him long to find out that there was a dandy hanging out in the Elderberry Hole. He was just getting onto the dry fly fishing, and every once in a while, when everything was working right, he'd get a big one to raise. He was slow on hooking 'em though, or they'd see it was a fake at the last minute—put on the brakes and go back to their hiding place."

By this time we had returned to Doc's clearing. We got out of the car and sat on his stoop while Doc finished the story.

"The big trout in the Elderberry Hole sure got his goat. He'd approach the Hole carefully on a good day to see if he was rising. If he was, this feller would sneak around the brush and go upstream to a place where he had a good view of the Hole, but where he was hidden from view. Then he'd drop grasshoppers in the stream, watch them float down to the Hole and see where the big feller came from when he took them. Then he'd go back downstream, get his outfit to working properly as he saw it, put on a Hopper Fly, make his cast, but something would always gum up the works.

"One day, I was sittin' in the brush, bait fishin' a few bends upstream from Elderberry Hole. I had the theumatiz in my right shoulder so couldn't whip a fly. Besides there'd been a heavy shower the night before which made me think some of the big fellers might still be looking for a night crawler—that's why I happened to be plunkin' with worms.

"Well, as I was sittin' there, along comes our lawyer friend and puts on a real show. He was so intent on what he was doing that he never saw me at all. After looking over the situation, throwing in some hoppers—like I said—he went back downstream. He made sure that his fly floated and his leader sunk, like the fishermen had told him to do; then sneaked up on the Hole. You could tell he was gettin' all set to make his first

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cast to the big feller a perfect one. He finally got set, heaved a sigh and let her go.

"I could see by the pained expression on his face that something had gone wrong. I stood up to peek over the brush to get a better look. His fly, instead of dropping lightly on the water, was hung on the Elderberry bush! He tried to draw it off very gently, but nothin' doin', she was stuck for fair. Now you or I might have given it a yank, or waded over there and picked the fly off the bush, but not this chap. He was careful not to disturb Elderberry Hole by shaking the bush. Backing carefully away, he reached the bank, took a hitch with his line on a stub, and then, so help me, took all of the line off his reel and laid the rod on the bank.

"He had a spare reel and line in his fishing coat which he hustled to get on to his rod. He was all hot and bothered and watched the Hole to see if there was any more activity. Sure enough, the big feller rose lazily to oblige him, took another hopper, and this set the lawyer feller off to finish stringin' his rod. He had a leader soaked but he had to take the kinks out of that by trying it on a few bends downstream. Pretty soon the outfit was working again to his satisfaction.

"Carefully he sneaked up to the place from where he was going to make the crucial cast. He looked as though he was holding his breath, and I guess I was, too. He finally let her fly, and I'll be darned if I didn't swallow my chew, when I saw that he had put his second fly on the Elderberry bush about an inch from his first cast! He gave it a gentle flick and when it didn't come loose he almost pulled that bush out by the roots—that's why she hangs over the water like she does."

It was pitch dark by now, except for the stars peeking through the trees overhead, and the busy fireflies in the swale opposite Doc's cabin. Doc went inside to light a lamp and I followed. As though suddenly remembering something, he reached in his pocket and pulled out the E string. Taking his old fiddle he restrung it, plink plinked the strings to tune it, dashed off a few bars of "The Irish Washerwoman," and said,

"Yes siree! Give me an E string every time for a bait leader!"

Doc's a card!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Memo—File This Brule Dope

(Continued from page 13)

corner of Wisconsin. A landmark to keep in mind—in case this is not clipped and tucked in a billfold—is the village of Solon Springs.

At Solon Springs a man can tarry at a filling station, a hotel lobby or a grocery store, and find out the way in from there. Or a man can just roll down his car window and yell at the handiest native, who will likely route him round the head of Lake St. Croix on county trunk P. Said native will also murmur something about a place called Lake Nebagamon, another village. Once at Lake Nebagamon, the Brule is hardly more than a whoop and a holler.

From Lake Nebagamon on in the reporter hesitates to prescribe, for it is likely by that time he will have made up his own mind, from wayside counselors. Fishermen like their own brand of poison. Tell them to go in by the red schoolhouse and they'll invariably find something more to their liking before they get that far. Hence we prescribe but sparingly after Lake Nebagamon.

Generally the new trippers do one of the following:

They go east out of Nebagamon and turn south on the Valley Farm road into the Brule headwaters. Or they go east out of Nebagamon and eventually cross a stream they know at a glance is the Brule—and fish it there, up and down from the bridge. Or they keep a-going east, then a bit north and wind up in the town of Brule where they will be amongst kind hands and the dangdest collection of big mounted rainbow trout in the middle west. Or they go plumb on through Brule north on the county trunk, paralleling the river toward Lake Superior, and dip into the creek at the Co-op park, the N. P. Johnson road, or the meadows at Teeportens.

Everywhere they will find folks prepared to spread the gospel and ring the welkin.

Let the incomer be not too optimistic. Let him know, down deep, that he is approaching one of the great trouting places of this United States. But let him know, too, that he may be fixin' to take the beating of his life. The trusting optimist will do poorly on the Brule. It requires the hard-boiled realist. The Brule is the only trout stream in Wisconsin where we keep our fingers crossed all the time.

Yes indeed these storied waters require a fisherman who, knowing that all things can come true, cannot make them do so unless he goes down into that deep, gorgeous valley clad in his best Sunday suit of shining armor. It requires a fisherman who is in physical shape, preferably



"Tim-m-burr!"

one without a spare tire around the middle. It may even require a fisherman who is given to consuming eating tobacco, even though he is of that species which wafts tiny, dry No. 16's over the riffles. In short, it requires a fisherman.

The gentleman deeply in love with running-board fishing had best stay away. The Brule in its more buoyant stretches has a way of luring a man into what looks like wadable water, then giving him an extra fillip and sending him down a stairway of water head over heels. Be assured, the Brule has snickered up its sleeve at this reporter many, many times, while he dried his duds on adjacent branches.

No stream in Wisconsin dresses its show window like the Brule. It looks exactly like a trout stream ought to look. It looks like something out of a Phillip Goodwin oil painting. The pattern of white water, greenery on the upper river is deserving of rhapsodies better than this fisherman can sing. The fisherman, seeing it the first time, will not only wrestle with the current but also with the muse.

ONE night at Rainbow Bend, which is just at the ranger's headquarters out of the village of Brule (a state park camp ground and good spot to park a trailer) we met a man from Chicago. He was sitting on a rock smoking a pipe. He had been there three days. He had a few small fish. He was definitely in the early stages of trout fishing insanity, as indicated by equipment well-meant but not adequate. He said he didn't give a rip if he ever caught another fish in it, that just being in it was enough for him.

And what shall I take along?

First wrap up your faith in a neat little box, tuck it in your hip pocket and button the coat tightly. That's number one. There is no need here of repeating the needed things, as fishermen of parts will know. But it might be well to include wool underwear of duck blind authority in the early season. And the newcomer will like to know there is a place here for salmon flies, bucktail spinners. The sinews of war in great variety and number should be carried and kept in the car on yonder hilltop, just in case. We are also partial to a handy, short-handled shovel, in case we get stuck on an off road down near the lake where roads are clay. Our old fishing partner always held a shovel handy in case a man wanted to dig a hole in which to cook up a pot of beans.

One of the slickest fishermen this reporter has seen on the Brule is John S. Sweeney, of Detroit, lake. He was a rank outlander until the season of 1935. He wrote this chronicler asking questions. Sensing this was a query from a zealot of the game, we answered somewhat at length, then forgot about it all.

Then one day four months later the same Sweeney phoned us from Lake Nebagamon, in effect, to wit: "For heaven sake, man! Come down here to the Brule. I want to show you something!" What Mr. Sweeney showed this life-long fisherman of the Brule is admitted with blushes of shame. Mr. Sweeney showed this fisherman how to fish Big lake and Lucius lake and the Wildcat rapids. He had the eyes of his big Norske guide sticking out. He went the limit. He showed the guides where!

This will be understandable to all members of the Castalia Casting club of Ohio, to Jack Van Coevering, of Detroit, to at least two Scandinavian guides, and to us. But it will be hard to prove to others. The Sweeney conquest of the Brule happened because Sweeney, trained in the Spartan school of hard-fished waters, knew the tricks and had the equipment.

He had finesse. He had patience. He had fish sense and river sense. He also had a wife who, 10 minutes after we began to fish, landed a three-pound brown in Big lake—something strictly against the local rules at the early hour of 3 p.m. That big brown was landed on a No. 16 fly in broad daylight. We doubt if those guides believe it yet because they were brought up in a wet fly, bucktail and salmon egg tradition and also because big Brule browns (according to them) never strike by day. Let them tell that to Sweeney.

The Sweeney tackle layout was something to remember. Their flies were stored in a box of drawers measuring something around four by four feet. They said they brought it in their car. We do not believe that. We think they had it shipped in by freight and met it at the old South Shore depot with a four-horse team.

THEY had rods. The rods lined up one side of Dave Archibald's cabin (Dave, another old-timer of the Brule, died six years ago). The Sweeneys were the typical folks who, seen with all that tackle by a country kid with a cane pole, would have been laughed to scorn. Be it remembered the Sweeneys were showing the country boys around before they finished their six days of whipping that stream.

Most of the fishing on the Brule upper river is done out of canoes. Never take a canvas covered job up in there unless you are handy at ducking rocks. Far better is the native craft, a cedar plank job. In Canada it would be known as a Peterborough type boat. Most of them along the Brule are made by Joe Lucius and John LaRock. Brule guides can shove these roomy boats up rapids that Brule newcomers won't even go down. We digress to relate a tale—

A few years ago we took a novitiate from the teeming city to the upper river and put him in a canoe with a pretty handy canoeman in the rear. We followed and watched. The novitiate was full of cigar smoke and confidence during the first seven miles down from Stone's Bridge—"So this is swift water! Heh, heh!"

Now there is a place just below Cedar Island lodge (where Coolidge lived for three months) where the Brule, in a torpid mood, widens to a little lake, and then narrows where the trees bend over and screen what is beyond. There is a little curling lip of white water just below the overhanging trees and beyond that a pretty dark tunnel. It is in fact the beginning of Big falls, not hazardous to those who know.

We went down first and waited in the still water below for the descent of the novitiate. It was terrific . . .

The last we saw of him before we darted down that dark tunnel under the trees was his highness in the bow chair



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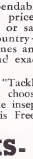
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with a dry paddle on his knees, gently drifting through that torpid widespread.

The next we saw of him he was coming down that white stairway of water, the cigar half-swallowed and the dry paddle going like a windmill—and still dry! The man in the rear took him through nicely as everyone knew he would. But we shall never forget that dry paddle!

On the upper river, on a cloudy, sultry day, with maybe a bit of wind to riffle the surface, the de luxe fly fishing of the country is to be had out of canoes. Brule canoes are invariably equipped with arm chairs in the bow seat, the legs sawed off! Pretty nice, just sitting there working a fly into the riffles and toward the banks where the brookies hang out in the shade. Pray for a mite of wind when you go in there, for the stretch includes deep, still holes with big browns and they do know a trout leader when they see one coming.

By far the most dramatic fishing the Brule offers comes during the rainbow run. I have seen spawning rainbows come into the river as early as February, but mostly they come along in March and take up their positions over gravelly stretches. On one stretch near the St. Paul club as many as a hundred lunkers can be seen at once. The season opens May 1, two weeks ahead of the general opening for the state. In some 30 years of looking at that spring rainbow run on the Brule, we have yet to see much variation in it. They just keep coming up to spawn from Lake Superior. By June or earlier most of these big spawners are back in the lake.

THEN comes June and July and August, and fly fishing for smaller fish, with now and then a whopper brown. Back about 1918, if memory serves us right, the late George Babb took a world record brown from the Brule in August. That record was broken shortly after. Night fishing is out now, for trout anywhere in Wisconsin, and a good thing, considering the ease with which browns are taken. Their lack of savvy on a pitch black night is astonishing, considering their wariness by day.

Up there on the Brule there is a job of trout research just pleading to be done. At the end of August brown trout from Lake Superior, as well as some brook trout, begin working up the Brule to spawn. With them come rainbows! Now that is a something, considering that the rainbow in the west and middle west is set down as a spring spawner. Sometimes this fall run of rainbows is quite heavy, but never as heavy as the spring run.

Why they do it, whether they spawn on this run, how far they go, and what fishy impulse sends them capering along with brooks and browns are matters we fishermen would like to have answers for. As a result of this late-season upstream migration, canny Brule anglers like to concentrate on lower Brule waters in late season. They like to drive down to places like McNeil's farm, just a few miles from Lake Superior, and work the deep holes thereabouts. The biggest steelhead we ever took out of the Brule came from this stretch a few days before the end of the season, during a cloudburst.

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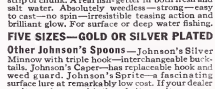
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Brule out of mind, once one has fished it. It has fascinated hundreds of fishermen. It is a river with a personality and a history. Last summer we sat in a cluttered Brule cabin with a friend who, purely for his own fun, is gathering data for a history of the Brule. He has reams of stuff, including fishing diaries, and anecdotes about some of the early figures along the stream—Henry Clay Pierce. Alexander Mac Dougall and others. Vacationing there for the summer, he decided to entertain himself with digging up Brule data. The Brule has that effect on those who know it. They want to dig deeper into it.

No gossip about this river would be complete without mention of Emmett Lambert, now the grand old man of the Brule, and for more than 30 years the superintendent of the 4,400-acre Pierce estate, on the upper river. Lambert, a Virginian, came to the Brule in the dead of winter at the behest of Pierce. Trained as an engineer and with experience as a trout man with the old U. S. fish commission, Lambert remembers well that day of arrival—

"It was 30 below, in January. A teamster met me at the Brule depot and drove me to a shack on the Pierce property. He drove off and left me there. I looked around. To me it was the most dismal sight I had ever seen. Nothing but cedars and pines and five feet of snow. I decided, that night, to write a letter of resignation and go back to Virginia. But I put it off and left the ink bottle on the windowsill.

"In the morning the bottle was froze solid, so waiting for it to thaw out, I walked over some of this cedar swamp which Mr. Pierce expected me to make into a trout fisherman's paradise. I liked it! I saw the spring holes and the great trees and the main river itself going by, and I never did write that letter."

Since that day Lambert supervised the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars creating Cedar Island lodge, the big Pierce hatcheries and the many buildings needed on such a rich man's estate. No one who has ever seen the place will go away without the conviction that here money was spent that took nothing from the wilderness, but rather added to its charm.

THE Great Secret of the Brule is an open one to many. It is that, after the rainbow run, 90 per cent of its devotees from local towns abandon it for lake and other fishing. True, the lunkers are mostly gone back to the lake, with the exception of the hard-to-get browns, but it is after this big fisherman's invasion that the fly fisherman can have miles of river to himself.

And we repeat, it is something to stand high above the Brule of a nice June evening and hear the brawling river down there send up its challenge. It is nice to pull on waders and light a determined pipe and hear a deer snort in the valley. It is nice to start down the steep path and hear the river's challenge grow louder. And it is nice to step in, brace the legs, make a few practice casts and then get down to cases with the most famous feast or famine trout stream in the middle west.

NEWTON LINES... and 1942

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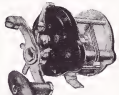
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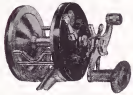
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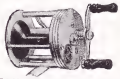
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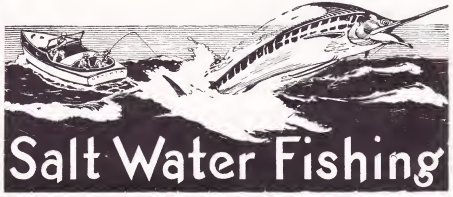


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Salt Water Fishing

Edited by ROBERT D. HALL and ROY F. B. SHAVER

East Coast Fishing

During the winter and early spring months the best fishing along the eastern coast is found off the shores of Florida—easily accessible from northern cities by airplane.

By ROBERT D. HALL

If we briefly review the geographic range of our salt-water fishes on the western side of the Atlantic, we find the range reaches from the cold boreal waters of Labrador through the temperate seas down into the warm tropical waters of the Gulf of Mexico. It is at once evident that along this 4,000 mile coastal line we find a great diversity of habitat and consequently a correspondingly diversified assemblage of fishes.

It is very difficult to set up boundaries for marine life, as there are many factors such as temperatures, tides, seasons, direction and strength of currents and type of the shore's bottom that have a strong effect upon the coastal range of salt-water fishes.

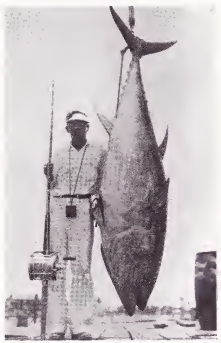
The peninsula of Cape Cod serves to deflect seaward the north bound warm waters of the Gulf Stream so we have a rather abrupt transition to the cold arctic waters of the south bound Labrador current. This affects the environmental conditions so that fishes north of the Cape, excepting rare stragglers, belong mostly to the cold temperature of the north. The bottom is characterized by rocky formations, in which sandy bottoms are relatively few in comparison to the southern regions. The tides are extremely high in the northern range and vegetable growths are relatively very sparse.

The cod, mackerel, halibut, haddock, pollack and others are most numerous in this northern range.

The temperate region may be considered as reaching from Cape Cod southward to merge very gently with the tropical waters south of Cape Hatteras. Here a great diversity in both seasonal and variation is found. The warm waters of the Gulf Stream have a great influence on the marine life of our coast. At times this mild temperate body of water is a considerable distance off shore in some places and almost touching the beach at others. This element shifts from season to season, which makes variable faunal conditions which affect our coastal fishing.

The shore bottom of this temperate region consists mostly of sandy surfaces, gradually sloping shores, moderate tides, masses of aquatic vegetation, and excellent spawning grounds, which lead into salt marshes and gently flowing waters of brackish rivers.

The temperate region produced a great deal more marine life some 50 years ago than it is doing today. Both sport and commercial fishermen are now complaining of their poor catches and each year



Bluefin tuna, 478 pounds, was boated in 30 minutes off Bimini recently by Julio Sanchez, Cuban sportsman and resident of Miami Beach, Fla. Sanchez trains rigorously and practices tuna-catching with weights and lines in his back yard.

the quantity of fish that are caught is tapering off.

The reason for part of this decline in marine life in our temperate zone is our wasteful method of commercial fishing. If better Federal control was employed both commercial and sport fishermen would enjoy better catches. But regardless of what we may say about the commercial method of fishing, man has added another factor to this complex which has already assumed tremendous significance in the life of coastal fishes. Wherever man has congregated in any great numbers, the amount and nature of the materials carried to the sea by nearby rivers have been modified to a very great extent. Under conditions that existed many years ago the by-products of the land have been a stimulus to life in the sea. This food washed from the land and carried to salt water attracted the marine fishes inshore to feed in great numbers in our estuaries, bays, sounds and inlets.

A MILD concentration of the household wastes of mankind, which form part of the materials that the rivers carry seaward, has been taken care of by nature, but when there is added to it a variegated variety of factory wastes, which for a large part are crude chemicals of toxic nature unavailable as food for any organism no matter how primitive, we have another problem that will steadily grow worse. There is no organism that can survive on toxic chemical wastes, and there is only one result possible, a depletion of our coastwise life near large centers of civilization.

This tapering off of fishing is most noticeable along our temperate shores where great cities have grown up. Due to our present state of manufacturing, under high pressure for war, conditions affecting our fishing cannot become any better.

The species of fish found most commonly in our temperate zone from Cape Cod to Hatteras are the silver weakfish or squeteague, croaker, kingfish, striped bass, flounder, seabass, bluefish and tuna during the season.

South of Cape Hatteras we find truly tropical coastal waters, unspoiled by man, to the sandy shores and mangrove inlets of Florida.

At Cape Hatteras the finest channel bass fishing in the world is found during the early spring months and late October and November. Here the average channel bass caught will usually weigh between 30 and 50 pounds, while along the coast of Texas and Florida the channel bass, which is called redfish, rarely reaches much over 15 pounds.

During the winter and early spring months the best fishing along our eastern coast is found off the shores of Florida. The Gulf coast and Florida were once far-away places—too far for the sportsman to fish with only a few days at his disposal. This year there will be more businessmen "getting away" for a few days' relaxation than ever before—now that long vacations have become a thing of the past. Fishing has proved to be nature's ace-in-the-hole for tired nerves.

The Flying Fisherman Club of the Eastern Air Lines has done much to popular-

(Continued on page 81)



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3-42

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THE first edition of this great calendar sold for 50 cents per copy, but the steadily increasing demand, up several thousand copies each year, has reduced the price of the sixth annual edition to only 25 cents, postpaid.

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN'S twelve long articles, one on the back of each page, are all new material, written especially for this edition and discussing the technical details of many phases of hunting, fishing and camping.

After the present supply is exhausted, no more of these calendars will be available. Two of the past three calendars have been out of stock long before the end of February.

LETTERS

What Is a Meandered Stream?

Editor—

"Sportsman's Quiz" in your magazine is my favorite pastime.

Please check the answer to Quiz Question 19 in the October, 1941, issue. A meandered stream is one that winds and not "a stream whose boundaries have been surveyed," as you have printed on page 43.

W. H. OVERCASH

Chambersburg, Pa.

● The question and answer under discussion are as follows:

What is a meandered stream?

a. One that winds.
b. A fast water stream.
c. A stream whose boundaries have been surveyed.
d. One which runs through private land.

Answer—A stream whose boundaries have been surveyed.

T. W. Norcross, Chief, Division of Engineering, U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C., says: "The correct answer is 'A stream whose boundaries have been surveyed.' *Meandered* is used in this way in surveying terminology. Had the question been 'What is a meandering stream?' the answer would be 'One that winds.' "—*Editors.*

Improves His Fishing 1000%

Editor—

In the last three years I have been keeping all of Cal Johnson's articles on fishing the different baits. Through studying them I have improved my fishing 100 per cent. I want to thank you and hope you keep it up. I have a scrap book with all of Cal's articles in it.

SERGEANT S. OATLEY

Toledo, Ohio

Wild Dogs and Cats

Editor—

In this section of the country we have been having rather increasing trouble the past few years with foxes, cats and so-called "wild dogs." There has been an alarming decrease in the rabbit and quail population because of these predators. The fox hunters refuse to run the foxes in this vicinity because we are too near U. S No. 1 and they fear the killing of their dogs. The country is too thickly populated for poisoning, therefore we just have to sit back and watch our game population dwindle away. If anyone thinks they can offer a solution to our problem, we would be more than grateful to hear from them.

Just so there won't be any grounds for argument on the subject, let me explain what I mean by "wild dogs." They are nothing more than dogs that have been turned loose in the woods to "shift" for themselves. They have acquired all the cunning and stealth of the fox, and when cornered will fight with the viciousness of a wolf. The mother dog, with a new born litter, is one animal I don't care about meeting, unarmed.

Very often the dogs run in packs, and have recently proved quite a menace to livestock in this neighborhood. They have been given the credit of killing any number of calves, and several full grown cows, not to mention countless numbers of chickens, turkeys, rabbits, quail, etc. The people here have shot quite a number lately. I have personally helped account for 21 in the last two years.

The object in this letter is just to say, "Fellows, if you have any dogs or cats you don't want to keep, for Pete's sake, do something with them other than turn them loose to become a menace to our livestock and wildlife."

FRANK CHAPPELL, JR.

Wake Forest, N. Car.

The Note of the Drake Mallard

Editor—

Have read "Can Mallard Drake Quack?" in "Letters" column on page 6 of the February, 1942, issue, and note that three of the writers refer to the sound made by the old greenhead as being of a "wheezy" nature, while one refers to it as being of a "reedy" character.

I think the latter is a better description of the sound than the former, for the reason that a "wheeze" is the result of some malfunction on the part of the wheezer's breathing apparatus, and it certainly cannot be said that there is anything wrong with the drake when he utters the only call, or note, that nature made it possible for him to utter.

Am thoroughly familiar with the sound made by the old greenhead, having heard it many times when shooting mallards in flooded timber near to DeWitt, Arkansas, not far from Little Rock, where Mr. J. D. Parks lives. Have heard it referred to many times by old-timers and guides as the drake's quack, the drake's purr, two very accurate designations. Personally, I think the best description would be to call it a rasping purr, because that is just exactly what it is. It is decidedly not a wheezing quack.

W. M. GARLINGTON

Chicago, Ill.

Photographing Muskies

Editor—

I sure do enjoy Robert Page Lincoln's, Ray Perry's and Cal Johnson's articles on musky fishing.

Now as a regular reader of Sports Afield, will you please try and get me an answer to a question very important to me and musky fishing.

I fish muskies two weeks every year, Kenora district, Lake of the Woods and north and for the last six years always get the fish. Now the first instructions my guide receives is not to kill any fish we can't eat and I don't eat muskies, not because they don't taste good but because they are too scarce to eat and are fun to catch. I like to catch them, bring them to boat and take a good picture of them.

Now the question. For the last two years my guide and three years ago another guide (both good ones in handling muskies to take pictures) sunk their fingers in the eyes of the fish to hold them while I take picture. These guides swear it doesn't hurt the fish. I can't see how any fish or anything else could see after having been held by its eyes. The guides say it only stuns them.

I released as pretty a tiger striped musky as I ever saw that weighed 37 lbs. last July and I have thought a lot about whether or not that beauty is still swimming around up there in the Red God's country now blind while I am running around here in the States bragging about his picture. I sure love to photograph them, next to catching them, but if it's going to blind them I will let the pictures go. Will you please have someone who really knows answer this and I'll look for the answer in Sports Afield.

Ray Perry and Cal Johnson get good pictures and I believe they never would kill a musky except for mounting or when hooked too hard. Maybe they will help. Thanking you in advance, I am,

MISSOURI MUSKY FISHERMAN

● The tips of the fingers should *never* be inserted into the eye sockets of a live fish that is to be liberated as it will certainly harm the eyeball and endanger the optical organs of the fish. If this method of handling a live muskellunge was harmless fish culturists naturally would hold a large fish in this manner as the grasp is very secure. However, such handling is not recommended and, because, it does not make a very attractive photograph.

Quite frequently a muskellunge is caught and a damaged eye is discovered, probably from improper handling previously. Some time ago I saw a muskie that was totally blind. The fish was seen floundering around in the waters near shore and captured by game wardens. Whether the fish had been manhandled is a matter of conjecture, but it was an example of what could happen to a fish by thrusting the fish finger tips deep into the eye sockets.



Pick the fish from water by nape of neck, pressing finger tips tightly against gill covers.

A far better method of handling muskies that are to be photographed is to hold then liberated is first to wet the hands, then pick them up from the water by the nape of the neck and pressing the finger tips tightly against the gill covers. A secure hold can be taken on the fish in this way and no harm will be done. If the fish is large it is well to hold with both hands, placing the left hand on the belly below the fins so that the hand will not slip.

Black bass can be held for photographing by inserting the thumb into the mouth of the fish and grasping the lower jaw.—*Editors.*

FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN—

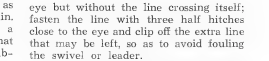
Light Tackle Line Savers

PRACTICALLY every salt water angler, whether he uses light or heavy line, wishes to utilize its full breaking-point strength, and repeated tests on precision measuring devices show that breakages occur at the knot which fastens the line to the leader long before the strain exerted reaches the full breaking point of the clear line.

Barrel, bowline, and numerous other knots and hitches have been tested and invariably the break occurs where the line crosses itself at the knot, and just as invariably at a less-than-capacity strain. To overcome this handicap, there is a twisted wire device on the market that was invented by the late Francis J. Rabbeth a score of years ago.

Fully as efficient and easy for the angler to make is a bit of leather about two to two and a half inches long and 5/16 of an inch wide, with a small hole, just large enough to take the line used, centered about ¼ inch from each end. This leather, which should be soft but strong calfskin, is then passed through the eye in the leader (or the eye of the swivel if a swivel is used) until the eye is equidistant from each end of the leather.

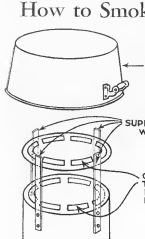
Double the leather together; pass the line through both holes and wrap it around both parts of the leather, making half a dozen turns running toward the



eye but without the line crossing itself; fasten the line with three half hitches close to the eye and clip off the extra line that may be left, so as to avoid fouling the swivel or leader.

Under severe strain the line presses into the soft leather with enough friction to relieve the strain that may reach the part where the line is half hitched and crosses itself, and the full breaking strength of the line is thereby made available.—*Roy F. B. Shaver.*

How to Smoke Fish



FISH SMOKING OVEN

To ALL persevering anglers there comes a day or a succession of days when the catch is larger than may be consumed fresh. To avoid waste, the excess may be salted down, canned or smoked for use later. For those who prefer smoked fish to those salted or canned, here is a fairly simple method:

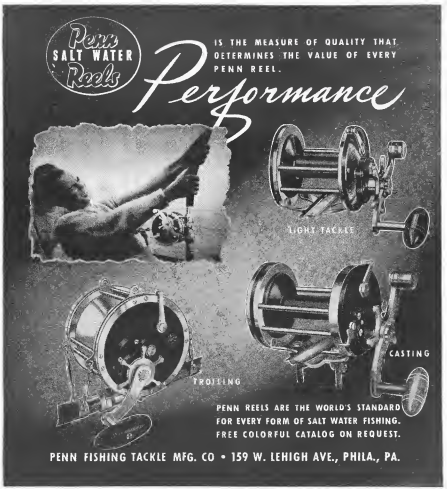
A serviceable smoke oven can be made from an empty 55 or 60 gallon steel drum with one end cut out and that end set down over a small depression in the ground. In the side of the drum and close to the ground, cut a hole about 6 inches square through which to feed the fire. In the top end of drum cut circular shaped slots about one and a half inch wide and within an inch or so of the perimeter. These are to allow the smoke to escape, while the uncut part of the drum head prevents the oily drippings from the fish from falling on the coals and causing flames.

A tray made of the piece cut out of the bottom of the drum and perforated like the top, will, if set about six inches above the drum head, double the capacity of the smoke oven.

Clean the fish and cut into fillets about $3/4$ inch thick, wash thoroughly and soak 18 hours in a saturated solution of smoke salt (Morton's), drain off brine and lay out on top of drum and/or tray after fire has been started and flames have died down. Cover with an inverted metal wash tub to hold smoke, and keep smoking three to five hours.

The longer the fish is smoked the longer it will keep after smoking. Fire should be started with corn cobs and fed with oak, hickory, ash or wood from fruit trees, but never with pine, gum or other resinous wood.—*Formula from Gus Wendorff to Roy Shaver.*

A forest fire runs uphill faster than downhill because the heated air rising over the fire creates a draft which draws the flames upward. After passing the crest of a hill the fire travels along more slowly down the other side.











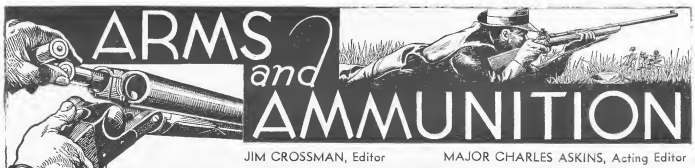
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FISHING ANNUAL

The *1942 Fishing Annual*, published by Sports Afield, will go on sale at newsstands and sporting goods stores early in the spring. The *1942 Fishing Annual* will contain articles by America's leading angling authorities on all types of fishing.

Published by Sports Afield



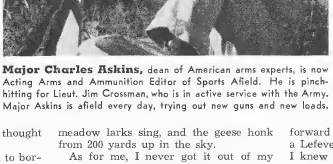
Guns and Game

Trend Today Is Toward Shotguns of Lighter Weight, Shorter Barrels and More Open Boring. Lighter Loads Indicated

By MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS

You may think because this article is headed "Guns and Game" that something ought to be said about the guns. I had a 10 bore with 32-inch barrels, gun weighing 9½ pounds. I taught school that year, and put all the money I made in one month—$50—into that gun.

I learned by-and-by that my gun was modified choke in both barrels. Never ordered it bored like that. Loaded with number eight or nine shot, however, it would kill snipe. I could run out 25 miles and back, leaving at eight o'clock, and be back at 10 with my 25 snipe, do that any time between the middle of March and the last of May. I might mention that I never noticed that my gun was too heavy for the purpose. The last thing that I thought of was that my gun was heavy.



Major Charles Askins, dean of American arms experts, is now Acting Arms and Ammunition Editor of Sports Afield. He is pinch-hitting for Lieut. Jim Crossman, who is in active service with the Army. Major Askins is afield every day, trying out new guns and new loads.

Before I bought this gun I used to borrow one from a member of the school board, a muzzle loader with 40-inch barrels, weighing 14 pounds. That was the only gun I ever did carry which began to feel heavy after half a day.

I am merely mentioning these old guns as a contrast to the ones being shot today. Mr. Lou Smith told me the other day that you tell a man that you can make him a double 12 bore to weigh 6½ pounds, and he will ask you if you can't cut that weight to six pounds and a quarter.

Now I do not know whether the human race at present in America is degenerating so that they cannot stand the idea of carrying anything except an underweight gun of six pounds, or whether bag limits are so low that they think what is the use in carrying weight.

None of us want to carry a six pound axe when we know we can do our chopping with a pound and a half hatchet.

Again, if four to six birds, ducks or quail, are all we expect to shoot, then our greatest pleasure must be from just being in the fields, where the quail whistle, the meadow larks sing, and the geese honk from 200 yards up in the sky.

As for me, I never got it out of my head that I am in the fields or marshes to kill something. I remember, in the days of my old 10 bore gun, that I always expected to hit something, even when I did not. I recall the big muzzle loader with 40-inch barrels. I got up and loaded that gun at break of day, black powder and one and a half ounces of No. 4 shot. I walked eight miles to Bluff Lake in the Mississippi bottoms. A great flock of mallards came along and I fired into them with both barrels, killing eight. I got them out of the lake, wading to my waist, and then went home, getting perfectly dry on the eight miles back. I wonder if anybody would do that now if he could, therefore I am wondering just what these six pound guns are good for.



"Duck guns are better today than they ever were," says the editor.

We have all gone through the mill when it comes to smallbore guns. Anything that was under 12-gauge was called a small bore. I had my first 20-bore years ago. I remember being out with Billy Field, and it was a constant course of comment by him how hard I'd hit quail with the little gun, fairly driving the bird forward as the shot went home. That was a Lefever gun full choke in both barrels. I knew I was hitting birds harder than I ever had before and imagined the arm was shooting closer than the other guns, just because it was narrower in the bore. It took me a month or so to find out that because of a marked weight reduction from 7½ pounds for the 12 to less than 6¼ for the 20, I was gaining about eight feet in the flight of a quail in his jump. That made it seem to me, and others, judging from what they wrote in those days, that the 20 was a much closer shooting gun than the 12. It appeared so until I turned the 20 bore on passing ducks when I became a little more skeptical about the little gun shooting so much closer than the 12, little 20-gauge carrying ⅞ ounce of shot against an ounce and a quarter for the 12. Probably we all learn something as we go along, provided we go along far enough.

Anyhow, I know pretty well why a man with a light gun, 20-bore or other light weight, hits things harder when the bird rises and goes away from the gun, but doesn't kill ducks so well as our old 12-bores of normal weight. If you have a

12-gauge of close to 8 pounds, 30- or 32-inch barrels, load 3⅜ drams, 1¼ ounce 4 or 5 shot, choked to between 75 and 80 per cent patterns, just expect it to kill ducks 30 feet farther than a 20-bore ⅞ ounce.

The best shooting gun that I have seen fired was a Super Fox, weight 8½ pounds, the load 1⅜ ounce shot, No. 4 Lubaloy. Patterns ran 50 per cent at 65 yards, which was higher than we went with any other load; and the gun was expected to kill single ducks at that distance. The Western Cartridge Company loads this shell and in tests it will hit a duck in the body or wings up to 100 yards. Western, when told about this, suggested the news be soft pedaled because a lot of lads are looking for just that kind of encouragement, wanting to take chances at extreme ranges.

We have but one shotgun that compares with a number of big guns made in England. This is the Magnum 10-gauge. This gun handles 5½ drams equivalent of powder and two full ounces of shot, preference seeming to be for No. 3's. I shot one of these guns long enough to know that it would kill ducks or crows at 80 yards, just about sure to do that.

I was at the Western Cartridge Company range when Roy Riggs, formerly shooting promotion man, fired the "Big Bertha." The Western patterning range is indoors. The big gun made considerable noise in there. Riggs took a quick step backward when the 60 pounds of recoil struck him and looked up at the roof. "Wheee—that baby felt like it had blown the roof off!" Riggs commented. Report came back from the target: "Pattern 80 per cent." Nobody today seems to much mind the recoil of the Magnum 10.

We didn't have the big Magnum 10 but did have on hand a standard 10-bore, and since we were firing about everything in the cabinet, we shot it. This 10 weighs 10 pounds, 32-inch barrels, uses the standard 2⅞ inch cases, 1⅝ ounces No. 4 Lubaloy shot. We fired the big gun from 40 yards back to 65. The gun ran a percentage about 5 per cent higher than the Magnum 12 all the way back.

I am inclined to think that if I had plenty of ducks to shoot today this would be my favorite gun. With the 1⅝ ounce loads it is a better gun now than when it was built. At that time it was intended for the 1¼ ounce loads, although I recollect that at the time I got this gun I handloaded a great many 1½ ounce loads for it. At the time I thought the ounce and a half was plenty of load for anything that flies.

THE Winchester Model 12 Magnum 12-gauge is one of our very best duck guns today. It shoots the 1⅝ ounce load and a man has to have some imagination to believe the gun punishes much when it weighs over eight pounds. This gun will kill well at 60 yards, almost equally as well at 65, and it is never a surprise to the owner when he drops single ducks at a full 70 steps. The Magnum runs from 8 pounds to 8½ pounds with the 32-inch barrels. By present day standards this is a trifle on the heavy side. However, if you do not like a 12 to run more than 7 pounds to 7½ pounds better limit the loads you use to 1¼ ounce. Range of the 1¼ ounce load is 50 yards and this is probably far enough to shoot ducks anyway.

Using the standard load which is probably the 1¼ ounce charge the all-purpose gun, intended for quail and snipe and ducks, too, should weigh about 7½ pounds; if wholly for quail, a weight of 7 pounds is enough. The standard load contains 3 drams of powder, and just keep in mind that the standard load costs a bit less to load; remember also that if a load is moderate it can be had at a fair price because the shell cases do not cost so much. Except for long range duck gunning, the standard 12-gauge load is about as good as can be had in any gauge.

The 16- and 20-bore are loaded with stiff charges these days by all the companies. The 16 uses 3 drams of powder and 1⅛ ounces shot, practically the same as the standard 12-gauge. The performance of the 16 is on a par with the 12 as well, deadly at distances up to 50 yards. The 20 handles 2¾ drams of powder and 1 ounce of shot. The three gauges seem to be drawing together in power. A difference of 5 yards in range between the 20 and a standard 12 does not seem very great when you come to look at it from a distance of 50 yards, 20-gauge, 45 to 46 yards; 12-gauge, 50 to 52 yards, and the 16 fully that far, too.

I have spoken of the weight of the 12, using standard loads. The 16 gauge runs a trifle less, somewhere around 6½ to 7½ pounds; the 20-gauge from 5⅝ pounds to about 6½. Free recoil will be about the same for each gun, that is from 27 to 28 pounds.

During the past we have seen a number of fads come and go. One of these was for ultra light guns. The English, for a great many years, have been building 12-gauge weapons as light as 5¼ pounds. A friend of mine in St. Louis ordered one of these guns. By-and-by he got the gun (this was a good many years ago). It weighed five and a quarter pounds. He told me about the 12, said it was the finest he had ever seen, killed quail for him precisely as though it weighed 8 pounds, and handled faster than anything he'd ever had in his hands. I never saw him shoot with his 5¼-pound 12 but I had my doubts about that gun.

A year rolled around and he came down to shoot with me again. I at once noticed that he did not have his featherweight 12 with him, and when I mentioned this he cussed like a trooper.

"I blowed that damn thing up. The action went to pieces and the barrels split. I wrote the factory about it and they told me they had a similar gun in stock which they would send me. I told them I wouldn't have it for any money. I'm out $400 but I've learned about featherweight 12's."

AT THE time there were probably a hundred of the ultra light weight 12's in the United States; of these at least half blew up. We had an interesting sporting press at the time and whenever one of these imported weapons let go we were sure to hear about it. Our own gun builders never made any of these 5¼-pound freaks.

About 1930 the 20-bore became increasingly popular. This sportsman and





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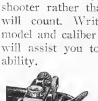
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that got hold of a 20, and he had to write about how much more effective it was than the 12, even to killing ducks at distances beyond 50 yards. By-and-by the cranks wanted lighter 20's, and did get the weight down to under 6 pounds. I had one and it weighed 5 pounds and 11 ounces. Using my load of 1 ounce shot, it whaled time out of me. I gave it to my daughter-in-law, promising her I'd get a load of ¾-ounce of shot.

Even before the 20 grew in popularity there was a strong interest indicated in the 16. For a great many years nothing untoward happened to it, though it was held back by the belief that the 16-gauge load was 1 ounce of shot, not more, not less, except in England where the $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce is standard, with ¾ ounce in use sometimes. That did not trouble the English much because they had no intention of using either the gun or the load.

The smartest thing about the 16-bore men was that they did no tinkering with the weight of the gun. The fellows who liked the 16 decided it would shoot about as well on all kinds of game, even ducks, in a weight of no more than 7½ pounds, and sometimes down to 6½ pounds.

When the 20 went up to a load of one full ounce of shot the 16 was increased to an ounce and one-eighth of shot with 3 full drams of powder. Maybe the 16 crowded in upon the field of the 12 but that was precisely what the 16-bore gunner wanted. Didn't he have a smoothbore running a full ¾ pound less than the 12 and yet capable of shooting up with the bigger gun? Sure he did and he was mighty content about it all.

We have been moving pretty steadily, these last 10 years, toward shotguns of lighter weight, shorter barrels and more open boring. The English have their "game gun" so-called, a 6½-pound weapon with 25- or 26-inch barrels, bored almost unfailingly full cylinder and improved cylinder. Our trend is very directly toward a gun of this kind. I do not know whether our fellows have read about these English 12's, but judging from the gradual changes in that direction it would seem that they had. Naturally with lighter weights we are going to have to use lighter loads. This is coming about, the $1\frac{1}{4}$-ounce load being not so popular now as the $1\frac{1}{8}$-ounce charge.

A friend came out the other day to try his new gun. He said the gun fitted him best, balanced best, was stocked just right but somehow or other he had to be careful or he would not hit with it. This gun weighed 6 pounds, 5 ounces with shells in both barrels. He wanted to see if it shot high with me, his failing, so he said.

I tried the light 12 and it shot a foot high and 6 inches to the left and it kicked me in the cheek. I tried a half dozen shots with the 3 dram, $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounce, $7\frac{1}{2}$, and the results were the same. I had a piece of steel which a local gunsmith had fitted to another light 12, so I fitted this to the underside of the barrels. That piece of steel weighed 6 ounces, we fitted it to the barrels just ahead of the forend. Because the weight was so well forward it made the little gun feel pretty heavy out in front.

I FIRED a shot and came pretty close to centering the target. Much of the dirty recoil was taken out too. I tried a couple of more shots and they struck center. The owner then tried his gun. Although his first shot hit low, the others hit the center of the pattern sheet very nicely.

We put up a larger target, swinging from side to side just to see if we could keep a line. We could. Then I advised my friend to take his gun to a certain mechanic in town and have a rib fitted beneath the barrels and soldered in place. This auxiliary rib will boost the weight to about 6¾ pounds and this added rib being out toward the muzzle will see the gun hit precisely where you hold, whether on a snap shot or a swinging one.

GUN NOTES

By MAJOR CHARLES ASKINS

GUN-BLUE. It is an unfortunate fact that factory gun blueing doesn't wear very well. One season of hard use will see the new gun pretty badly marred. Last year a friend came by with a thousand dollar Parker. We shot crows together and I really felt sorry for Bill. He just could not enjoy that handsome double of his because it needed so much pampering. He was afraid it would get scratched, the beautiful blue scarred somewhere.

I wouldn't coddle any gun. If it is going to get scratched, then scratched it will be. After they get worn to a certain extent I send them back to the factory for a complete refinishing. That is really the best thing to do. Of course you can refinish your own gun, but take it from one who has tried, it is a trying business. Rebluing isn't a simple job. It is a long and tedious chore and in the end is apt to be a grand failure. It takes practice

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and months of experience before your newly done gun will even faintly resemble the factory product.

Very recently the Graham Chemical Company has introduced what looks like the nearest thing to foolproof gun blue. It is applied cold, which is a great help, and requires no great skill to get a satisfactory finish. Composed of two solutions, the first aptly dubbed the "Alpha" solution, the second called "Omega" solution, the two chemicals are painted on, one after the other, and finally produce a very pleasing deep-blue color.

The gun must be completely free of dirt and grease and the removal of every particle of the original bluein g recommended. The Alpha solution instantly envelopes the gun with a measurable coat of cupriestannate-metallic. The Omega solution, on contact, converts the Alpha chemical to a pre-determined low valence oxide, drawing the steel blue color. The entire operation requires about 15 minutes, and other than some cotton gloves, a wad of cotton, paper towels and a basin of water, nothing else is required. The new gun blueing by the Graham folks is called Military Gun-Blue and sells for $1, which will furnish enough "soup" to completely refinish 10 guns.

* * *

OFF AGAIN ON AGAIN SCOPE MOUNT. George Turner has developed a new telescope mount. It has the advantage of being instantly detachable, as readily re-installed. I like these features. There are times when I do not want a glass sight but would much rather depend on the iron kind.

Rain, fog and snow either handicap the scope or render it useless. I have seen the cover so dense, the shadows so tricky and



Showing how the Turner mount instantly releases the telescope.

the sun so intense as to make the scope useless, too. The Turner Instant-Off Scope mount is cure for these troubles. It may be snatched from the gun in a second's time, leaving the gunner ready access to the iron sights.

The Turner mount has two V-blocks for base supports. These V-blocks are located at either end of the telescope. Securely fastened to the scope-barrel is a collar, to this collar by a hefty lug is fastened a broad, strong spring. Either end of the spring snaps into grooves in the gun's receiver. If the scope bangs against a rock, or if the gun is dropped, the spring

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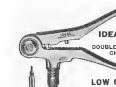
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permits the scope to give without being broken. By raising up on the scope and turning it to one side it is at once detached from the mount.

I watched a very fine marksman shoot a 2 inch group, 10 shots, with the Turner mount last spring. The distance was 100 yards and he removed the scope and replaced it after every shot. There was absolutely no tendency of the gun or the glass to get out of zero.

George Turner, with whom I hunted elk last fall, habitually carries his Noske scope in a leather pouch around his neck. When he sights game he removes the scope, snaps it into the V-blocks on his rifle, and then fires. He killed his bull wapiti with a single shot this year. I have the Turner Instant-Off on my favorite Savage 300 and I think it is the nearest thing to the ideal scope mount I've yet seen.

* * *

DEATH VIA SHOOTING IRONS. During 1940, last available data, 8% of all public accident deaths were caused by firearms. Approximately one-half the deaths came to persons under the age of 25. Altogether there were 2400 fatalities reported during '40. This is 200 fewer than in 1939. Young people from the ages of 15 to 19 made up the greatest number of gun fatalities; those people from 25 to 34 constituted the second largest group. Shooters from 35 to 44 ranked next and the age group 20 to 24 came in fourth. Twelve percent of the total were females, and the most of the accidents occurred during the last three months of the year (hunting season).

* * *

ITHACA WRITES JOBBERS. Lou Smith, Vice-President of the Ithaca Gun Company, writes his jobbers as follows: "We have refused to accept stock orders for 1942 delivery until we could come nearer to guessing the number of guns we could build in 1942 without interfering with our U.S. Army Defense Work. Had we accepted the stock orders offered us during the last quarter of 1941 for delivery during the latter part of 1941 or as soon as possible in 1942, our entire output for 1942 would have been sold before January 1, to a very small percent of our jobbers. So long as our Government wants us to continue our present production of defense material we believe our output of Ithaca, Lefever and Western Arms guns for distribution to sportsmen will be about one-fourth of our 1941 output."

* * *

WINNER OF THE 1,000 YARD METROPOLITAN. Each fall, at Peekskill, New York, the champion long-range big bore gunners of the Atlantic Seaboard gather to decide who will wear the 1,000 yard Metropolitan crown for the succeeding year. Champion throughout 1940 was Sam Tekulsky. However, the gunner who has consistently taken the Metropolitan is Major John Hession, Shooting Promotion Manager of the Winchester Company. In eight years, Hession has claimed the coveted Metropolitan cup no less than four times. In 1941, on a windy range, tricky with fishtails, the hard-holding major rang up 43 consecutive 5's to again take the premier 1,000 yard race. His gun, as you might guess, was a Model 70 Winchester bull gun, .300 H&H caliber, and the ammunition was the highly reliable Winchester .300 Magnum, 180 grain bullet. Hession, by the way, is the holder of the 20 shot 1,000 yard record with the .30'-06. He shot 20 straight 5's and 19 of 'em were V's. The record has stood for exactly 10 years.

* * *

HOW FAST DO THEY FLY? The Wyoming Wild Life bulletin, published by the Wyoming Fish and Game Department, gives us yet another set of figures on the speed of our game birds and other birds. This is a subject for endless discussion. The figures offered by the Wyoming game department show that we have been pretty generously overestimating the flight time of our game. I had decided a great many estimates were too high, myself, and am inclined to accept the figures given in the box on this page as being pretty accurate.

* * *

NEW KING CATALOG. Leading handgun specialists are the King Gun Sight Company folks. They will take your 1890 sixshooter and make it into a smooth and slick 1942 sport model. They completely rejuvenate 'em, and a gun fit for the ash can comes out of the King plant ready for the National Matches. Now, the Company has ready their 1942 catalog. This is a booklet which every marksmen will want. It is filled with the latest additions to the

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Canvasback	72	Airplane	Munson	chased
Redtail hawk	22	auto	Wetmore	
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—*Wyoming Wild Life*

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* * *

NYLON GUN BRUSHES. Nylon, that remarkable stuff which the DuPont people discovered and which is being used to cover milady's legs in the shape of nifty hose, has now been put to another use. And that is for gun brushes. Nylon, it has been found, makes an excellent bristle brush. The Nylon bristles are stiffer, longer lasting, have little tendency to wear down and are highly resistant to oils and other solvents used in the bore of the shooting iron.

Carlson and Reeves Top Nation's Rifle And Pistol Shooters

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, in its 1942 national rankings of the rifle and pistol sports, has named Dave Carlson of New Haven, Connecticut, and Harry W. Reeves of Detroit as the top marksmen of the nation. Carlson heads the list of small bore riflemen; Reeves leads the pistol shooters.

This is the second straight year as No. 1 man in his field for Carlson, who faced more and tougher competition during the year than any other leading contender. Starting with the big National Mid-Winter Matches at St. Petersburg in March, the youthful arms and ammunition company employee took in every major rifle tourney in the east. He gained top ranking despite the loss of his National Rifle Championship to Ransford D. Triggs of Madison, New Jersey, at Camp Perry, Ohio, in September.

Reeves gains the honor after many years as runner-up to his teammate, Sergeant Al Hemming of the Detroit Police Pistol Team, who slumped to fourth place this year. It climaxes Reeves' second consecutive year without a defeat in all-around competition which includes National Championships won at Camp Perry in 1940 and 1941.

Second to Carlson in the rifle rankings is Bill Woodring of East Alton, Illinois, top ranking in 1936 and twice National Champion. Charlie Hamby, veteran international shooter from Atlanta, Georgia, is third, just ahead of Triggs, the National Champion. Jack Lacy who, like Carlson, is a member of the Quinnipiac Rifle Club in New Haven, is fifth.

Finishing higher in the rankings than any woman shooter in history, pretty Mrs. John W. Cole of Minneapolis takes sixth place to climax a season in which she won the National Women's Championship at Camp Perry.

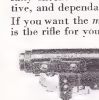
Two service men gained second and third positions in the pistol list. Sergeant Huelet L. Benner, U. S. A., Fort Knox, Kentucky, and Lieutenant Garold W. Curo, U. S. A., Camp McQuaide, California, with their activity somewhat limited by the emergency, managed their most



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successful years to edge Hemming and Marine Sergeant Thurman Barrier of Annapolis, who finished fifth. G-Man Walter R. Walsh of Arlington, Virginia, was sixth. The rankings:

RIFLE

1. Dave Carlson, New Haven, Conn.
2. Bill Woodring, East Alton, Ill.
3. Charles G. Hamby, Atlanta, Ga.
4. Ransford D. Triggs, Madison, N. J.
5. Jack Lacy, New Haven, Conn.
6. Alice Cole, Minneapolis, Minn.
7. Bill Schwettner, Hillside, N. J.
8. Paul Poe, Rock Island, Ill.
9. Bud Wickersham, San Francisco, Calif.
10. Samuel C. Lear, Vallejo, Calif.
11. Ernest Pade, Selinsgrove, Pa.
12. Fred Kuhn, Stratford, Conn.
13. William A. Sayre, Cincinnati, O.
14. R. O. Wilhman, Mount Wolfe, Pa.
15. Lew Mason, Aurora, Ill.
16. L. A. Pope, Los Angeles, Calif.
17. Ammon E. Bell, Hummelstown, Pa.
18. Emory Hawcock, Monmouth, Ill.
19. Carl Frank, Rochester, Minn.
20. A. W. Hunsicker, Akron, O.
21. Bob Perkins, Fresno, Calif.
22. Gilbert W. T. Combs, Jr., Orange, N. J.
23. Charles C. Whipple, Somerset, Pa.
24. James Wade, Boise, Idaho.
25. W. E. Seagly, Topeka, Ind.
26. J. F. McCubbin, Brownwood, Tex.
27. Loren C. Allen, Springfield, O.
28. R. C. Pope, Dallas, Tex.
29. George W. Spurlin, Dallas, Tex.
30. E. R. Hughes, Canton, O.
31. Selden G. Warner, West Orange, N. J.
32. Willis Kuhn, Houston, Tex.
33. Bill Patrijuin, Cleveland, O.
34. R. A. Newcomb, Tulsa, Okla.
35. Theodore J. Holm, Des Moines, Ia.
36. Max Jensen, Cleveland, O.
37. Arthur Blenslinger, Rochester, N. Y.
38. Samuel G. Kurtz, Lancaster, Pa.
39. E. M. Rader, Lorain, O.
40. Marshall Grosskopf, Marion, Wis.
41. Fred Eakins, Jr., Columbus, O.
42. Irwin Tekulsky, New York, N. Y.
43. Andy Yearsley, Piqua, O.
44. Stanley Gregory, Grove City, O.
45. M. S. Henning, Coraopolis, Pa.
46. Steve Mylant, Cleveland, O.
47. Marie Robertson, Houston, Tex.
48. S. E. Pipes, Monroe, La.
49. John J. Crowley, Concord, N. H.
50. C. Wayne Ferguson, Jackson, Mich.

PISTOL

1. Harry Reeves, Detroit, Mich.
2. Huelet L. Benner, Fort Knox, Ky.
3. G. W. Caro, Camp McQuade, Calif.
4. Al Hemming, Detroit, Mich.
5. Thurman Barrier, Annapolis, Md.
6. Walter R. Walsh, Arlington, Va.
7. Garfield Huddleston, Kansas City, Mo.
8. Francis O'Connor, Kansas City, Mo.
9. Mel Rogers, Oroville, Wash.
10. Maurice LaLonde, Detroit, Mich.
11. C. A. Brown, Tampa, Fla.
12. Emmett Jones, Los Angeles, Calif.
13. Arnvid Anderson, Warroad, Minn.
14. Rollo Standau, Tampa, Fla.
15. Jake Engbrecht, Los Angeles, Calif.
16. Oliver Yanick, St. Louis, Mo.
17. Jesse M. Woody, Stanton, Tex.
18. Don Lawrence, Austin, Tex.
19. Arnold Meloche, Phoenix, Ariz.
20. Lee Echols, Nogales, Ariz.
21. Jack L. McIntyre, San Diego, Calif.
22. Lewis C. Sanderson, Detroit, Mich.
23. W. H. Young, San Jose, Calif.
24. P. M. Chapman, Seattle, Wash.
25. Dr. H. J. Brown, Jr., Hollywood, Calif.
26. Gloria Jacobs, Woodland, Calif.
27. Phillip Roettinger, Quantico, Va.
28. John Porter, Detroit, Mich.
29. Bert Cline, Riverdale, Md.
30. Paul Spavor, St. Louis, Mo.
31. Ray Brecken, Columbus, O.
32. Vito Perna, Annapolis, Md.
33. Henry J. Adams, East Orange, N. J.
34. Charles Logie, Grand Rapids, Mich.
35. M. O. Wilson, U. S. S. Pandora.
36. Ralph Kirk, Kansas City, Mo.
37. Wilbur B. Slack, Washington, D. C.
38. Basil Starkey, Los Angeles, Calif.
39. Alvin Strand, Los Angeles, Calif.
40. C. L. Van Doren, Los Angeles, Calif.
41. Leonard J. Trones, Bellingham, Wash.
42. Albert Shapiro, Detroit, Mich.
43. Mark Billing, Quantico, Va.
44. Armando Fiocchini, San Francisco, Calif.
45. Vincent Tlefenbrunn, East Alton, Ill.
46. Christ Anton, St. Louis, Mo.
47. Clyde Sayers, Detroit, Mich.
48. Ray Harris, Enterprise, Ore.
49. Jack Ahern, San Francisco, Calif.
50. Thomas Mitchell, Pensacola, Fla.

Reelfoot Lake, Tenn., to Become Wildlife Refuge

With the recent leasing of a part of Reelfoot Lake as a national wildlife refuge for administration by the Fish and Wildlife Service, United States Department of the Interior, experts of the Federal conservation agency have begun the first of a series of cooperative projects designed to restore the habitat of what formerly was one of the greatest wildlife areas in the Southeast, according to a recent Service report.

Located in Lake and Obion Counties, in northwestern Tennessee, Reelfoot Lake is a favorite recreation area for hunters, fishermen, and other outdoor enthusiasts.

Recreation will not be affected, officials said. The refuge, a 9,000-acre area, includes primarily those parts of Reelfoot Lake that have been seriously affected by siltation and the infestation of pest plants.

The entire lake, however, will be considered in the rehabilitation program, according to J. C. Salyer, chief of the Division of Wildlife Refuges. Plans are now being made by State and Federal officials to hold the water at the level most satisfactory for the growth of desirable food plants. Other practices will be instituted to control pest plants.

A popular resting and feeding place for migratory waterfowl in the Mississippi Flyway, which flanks both sides of the Mississippi River, the Reelfoot Refuge is also an important nesting place for many kinds of aquatic birds, including egrets, herons, ducks, and rails.

"The cooperative agreement signed by the State and the Federal Governments will enable these agencies to join forces in restoring Reelfoot Lake as one of the most important fish and waterfowl habitats in that section of the country," Mr. Salyer said.

Pronghorns of Pumpkin Butte

(Continued from page 15)

the dust behind the buck, and then he disappeared over a small knoll. We made a dash for higher ground. There, just over the ridge, stood the buck, his head held high. Just one last look he wanted. It was fatal. Mike's 180-grain .30'06 Savage caught him just above the heart, dropping him within 10 feet of where he had stopped.

From both ends of the valley came other shots, so we knew "Splits" and the "Big Shot" were having a workout. While Mike cleaned his buck, I made a beeline for a barb wire fence near a small ridge. Bill had told me that if the band turned back they were sure to run the fence. I had just settled in a cactus patch when specks appeared along the barb wire. Within a few minutes they rounded the corner and I shot the whole band with my Graflex as they tore by in high gear. A lone doe with a bump of curiosity came

a little closer than the rest, and I managed to get a shot at her as she left for quieter parts.

By the time Mike had cleaned his buck, "Splits" drove up. He had jumped another band in the far corner, and after five shots from his .30/40 Krag, brought one down with a shot through the lungs.

Far across the hills I saw the remnant of the band disappear in a haze toward Pumpkin Butte. We loaded the other buck on the fender and drove back toward the ranch. On the way we stopped to help John load the biggest buck of the bunch on the other car.

That left only one man unaccounted for—Mr. Muso. Down in the valley we found him, grinning from ear to ear, with a buck almost the match of John's and with a tale of a stalk and shot that would have rivaled Daniel Boone's. I could tell by the way Mike and John looked at each other that the "Big Shot" was in for something.

At the ranch house we strung up the bucks, then dug out the grub, and in the shadow of a shanty we ate like only half-starved hunters can eat. By the time everybody was filled, the truth of Mr. Muso's kuck came out.

"You could barely see him. Just a speck and nervous," the "Big Shot" explained. "I followed him like a shadow. He didn't see me. At 600 yards I took aim. Steady as a rock. I shot him right through the heart."

He grinned like a kid.

The young sheep herder stuck his head around the corner of the shed.

"Don't believe him," the kid drawled. "That buck almost knocked him down coming over that hill, and he shot so many times it sounded like a machine gun."

Six hundred yards or 50 feet, it made no difference to Mr. Muso. He was the life of the party.

Answers to Sportsman's Quiz

(Questions on page 11)

1. Correct average is 5.6.
2. It is light and durable.
3. A cave or a depression.
4. The quail.
5. Drop boards used in sailing a canoe.
6. Albacore.
7. The nighthawk, which is a goatsucker.
8. Shorter in length.
9. Two.
10. Badger.
11. The bonefish.
12. Sit motionless.
13. The pronghorn, which is an antelope.
14. 12-gauge guns are chambered for all three cartridge lengths. Therefore, each is correct.
15. Airplanes are sometimes used to locate outboard motors dropped overboard.
16. The barracuda.
17. The rainbow trout.
18. Tuna.
19. The chukar partridge.
20. .775 inch.



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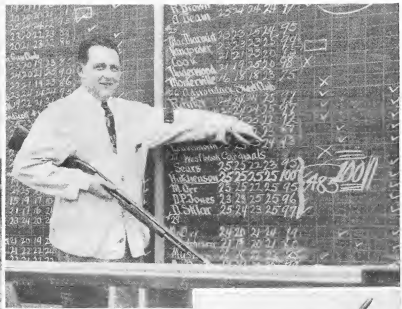
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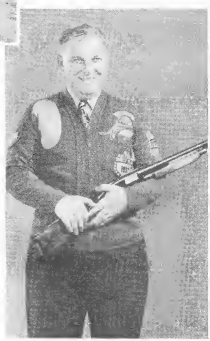
All-America SKEET TEAM



CHARLIE POULTON



S. L. HUTCHESON



GRANT ILSENG



JEAN SMYTHE

Kerr captains All-America Skeet Team; Jean Smythe, Deyoe, Shaughnessy repeat; six new skeet stars shine.

By JIMMY ROBINSON

Trapshooting and Skeet Editor

ALEX KERR, Beverly Hills, California, is captain of our 1941 All-America Skeet Team. We gave this honor to Alex for several reasons. In the first place, his shooting at the Nationals, when the chips were down, was nothing short of sensational. Of course you may say that others shot sensational scores, too, but let's go down the line with the fair-haired Californian.

First, he won the all-important event, the High-over-all with 543 out of 550. He won the Sub-small gauge championship with 99 out of 100, a new National record. He scored 99 out of 100 in the 20-gauge race and he didn't do bad in the All-bore race when he crashed 250 straight to tie up Texan Charlie Poulton. We might also add that Alex broke 174 out of 175 in the shoot-off. Then he entered the Calcutta, won it with 400 straight hits. That's one target down in 825. Quite a record in itself.

Now let's look over his yearly averages. Alex averaged .9946 on 1,300 registered targets to lead the shooters of the nation. That's the highest average ever turned in by an amateur skeet shooter. He turned in .9750 on his 20-gauge clays, averaged .9740 on his Small-gauge birds and .9733 on his Sub-small targets. That's a combined average of .9837 on his 2,700 mixed targets, greatest of the 1941 season.

Kerr won other important events. At the San Joaquin Open he won the Preliminary All-bore with 100 straight, the all-bore with 100 straight, the small-gauge, Sub-small gauge and High-over-all. He also won the Southern California All-bore with 100 straight, the Small-gauge and High-over-all. He helped his team to win the California State Team Championship and the Lordship Telegraphic in which he smothered another 100 straight. He is the California State Sub-small champ. He shot in seven Good Will shoots, either tied or won each one. That's quite a shooting record for one man—in one year.

DICK SHAUGHNESSY

Dick Shaughnessy, Dedham, Mass., enjoyed another great year in the firing line, piling up the great average of 99 per cent on 1,300 targets, which marked the first time in skeet history that a shooter has averaged 99 per cent or better three years in a row. Dick turned in the remarkable average of .9840 on his 850 registered 20-gauge clays. Dick's victories are too numerous to mention. Among his outstanding wins were the



ALEX KERR



GEORGE DEYOE



BILLY PERDUE



DICK SHAUGHNESSY



F. LUTCHER BROWN and H. LUTCHER BROWN

Massachusetts State with 100 straight, the Champion of Champions at the Nations with 100 straight, The Eastern, Great Eastern at Lordship and North Atlantic 20-gauge titles, all with 100 straights; other 20-gauge victories were the Middle Atlantic with 98 out of 100, the Massachusetts with 97 out of 100, the Eastern States with 99 out of 100, and the Old Colony with 48 out of 50. He completed a long run of 323, a new world's record.

He won five All-gauge titles: the Massachusetts State, Eastern States with 99 out of 100, the Eastern Massachusetts with 99 out of 100, the Old Colony with 50 straight, the Champion of Champions at the Nationals as we mentioned before and the Massachusetts Two-Man Individual with 99 out of 100. Four times he turned back Sub-small bore gunners to annex the Eastern Sub-small, the Delaware Open, the Eastern States and the North Atlantic. He won four High-over-all titles: the Eastern, Middle Atlantic, Eastern States, North Atlantic and was edged out of the Lordship High-over-all by H. Lutcher Brown of Texas in the shoot-off after breaking the great score of 295 out of 300.

GEORGE DEYOE

George Deyoe, Washington, D.C., Police Sergeant, won the Lordship All-bore title with 100 straight in the main event and 100 straight in the shoot-off. At Lordship he broke 98 out of 100 in the 20-gauge race, 94 in the .410 to make a mark of 292 out of 300, three clays under Shaughnessy and Brown, the High-over-all leaders.

Dey e shot well at the Nationals, breaking 249 out of 250 in the All-bore race for fourth place, placed third in the 20-gauge contest with 99, fourth in the sub-small with 95 and busted a 93 in the Small-gauge competition, giving him 536 out of 550 on all targets.

The Washington star won countless other victories, the most important being the Delaware Open with 100 straight,

the North South Sub-small with 97 and the 20-gauge with 99. We might add that he also broke 99 out of 100 for second place in the N.S. All-bore championship.

He won the Middle Atlantic Sub-small with 92 out of 100 and the Md.-D.C. Sub-small with 94 out of 100.

Deyoe averaged 99 per cent flat on 1,950 registered targets last year. His 20-gauge average read .9680 on 1,100 clays while his Small-gauge mark was .9450 and his Sub-small average .9390, which gave him a combined mark of .9670 on 4,200 official registered National Skeet Association targets.

JEAN SMYTHE

Mrs. M. L. "Jean" Smythe, Aurora, O., took her place with the Lela Halls and Topperweins of the trapshooting world last year when she did everything possible with her shotgun. This famous skeet shooter created somewhat of a furore at the Nationals at Indianapolis when she took 100 straight to tie for the 20-gauge title and had it not been for S. L. Hutcheson of New York defeating her in the shoot-off, there would have been some pretty cheap shotguns around Herr Pratt's shoot field. Mrs. Smythe won the Women's All-gauge championship with 245 out of 250, the Sub-small with 89 out of 100, the Women's 20-gauge with 100 straight, tied for the Small-gauge with 93 out of 100 and won the High-over-all with 527 out of 550. That's all there was to win at Indianapolis.

The Aurora ace won several other important victories last year, the most important being the Lordship Women's championship with 99 out of 100. She was high gun, breaking 199 out of 200, at the Fifth Annual Sea Island Invitation. Jean averaged 97 per cent on 1,350 registered targets, two points in front of Pat Laursen of Ohio. She also averaged .9430 on 800 20-gauge clays, the top score of the season.

CHARLIE POULTON

Charlie H. Poulton of San Antonio, Texas, scored his greatest victory at skeet when he broke 250 straight in the main event and 173 straight in the shoot-off to defeat Alex Kerr for the National All-bore title at Indianapolis. Poulton's victory was no flash in the pan. You will recall that he came very nearly winning the championship in 1940 at Syracuse when he broke his first 200 straight and was tied only by Dick Shaughnessy on Friday night, but blew two targets the next morning in his 50 final targets, while Dick came through with a 49 in the shoot-off to win the title.

Charlie's great long run at Indianapolis, where he scored 425 straight (counting the shoot-off), for the Individual Championship and another 256 straight before he missed in the Calcutta Sweepstakes gave him a long run of 681 straight, which reminded us of Joe Hiestand's run at trapshooting a few years ago at the Grand American. He also broke 99 out of 100 in the National 20-gauge contest and 96 out of 100 in the Small-bore competition, which is really going to town. According to the National Skeet Association averages which they have just released, Poulton averaged .9890 on 1,125 All-bore targets, finished with .9630 on his 20-gauge birds and .9560 on his Small-bore clays.

Charlie won the Texas Small-gauge championship with 99 out of 100, teamed up with K. C. Miller to capture the Alamo Open Two-Man team title, and busted 295 out of 300 to tie Henry Adler of Dallas for the Alamo Open All-bore, losing the title in the shoot-off. At the Pan American he broke 223 out of 225 in the All-bore race, two targets behind winner Charlie King; was runner-up to Archie Fifley in the 20-gauge after they each broke 74 out of 75 in the main event and was runner-up to H. L. Brown in the Small-bore, breaking 73 out of 75. Mr. Brown broke 74 to win.

Jimmy Robinson's Book on Skeet and Trapshooting

THERE has long been a need for a good record book on trapshooting and skeet.

Jimmy Robinson has written one and it soon will be off the press. It will be titled "Hits and Misses of the Trapshooting and Skeet World." It will contain 275 photos of trapshooters, skeet and live pigeon shooters.

The book is a bound volume, reviewing these three sports since the year 1895 with an account of each major shoot, plus all state trap champions, skeet champions, how to form a gun club, history of trapshooting and skeet, gun hints and other trap and skeet shooting data.

The book is published by Jimmy Robinson, Phoenix Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

GRANT ILSENG

The top ranking skeet professional of the '41 season was none other than Grant Ilseng, now living in Chicago. Grant was the professional star at the Nationals, winning the most important race of the week, the High-over-all with 534 out of 550, broke 248 out of 250 in the All-gauge race, one target behind Fred Missildine, the winner, won the Sub-small with 96 out of 100, broke 97 out of 100 in the 20-gauge race, one target behind winner Herman Ehler of Texas and busted 93 for fourth place in the Small-gauge competition.

Grant shot in all parts of the country, winning many important events, such as the Professional Great Western All-bore, Small-bore, and High-over-all; the Central States All-bore, Small-bore, 20-gauge and High-over-all; the Tri-State All-bore, Small-bore and High-over-all; the Mid-West Small-bore, 20-gauge and High-over-all; the Northwest All-bore; the Missouri State All-bore, 20-gauge and Small-bore and the Illinois State All-bore, 20-gauge and Small-bore. Ilseng averaged .9830 on 1,550 targets last season.

FRED LUTCHER BROWN

Fifteen-year-old Fred Lutcher Brown of San Antonio, Texas, was the Junior sensation of the 1941 skeet season. This youngster can really shoot. He won the National Junior title at Indianapolis with 99 out of 100, the Texas State Junior championship with 100 straight and the Lordship Junior with 50 straight. Fred turned in some nifty scores at Lordship, breaking 100 straight to tie for the Lordship All-bore laurels and 100 straight to tie Dick Shaughnessy for the 20-gauge crown. At the Nationals, he teamed up with his father, H. Lutcher Brown, to win the Father and Son championship. He averaged .9780 on 1,125 registered All-bore targets and .9620 on his 20-gauge targets last season. Fred is a son of H. Lutcher Brown, also an All-American and both are a credit to the sport of skeet shooting.

H. LUTCHER BROWN

H. Lutcher Brown, San Antonio, Texas, shot well with all gauges last year. In fact he compiled the great average of .9770 on all targets, 12, small-gauge, 20 and Sub-small, second only to Alex Kerr of California. Mr. Brown averaged 99 per cent flat on his All-bore clays, closed the '41 year with .9880 on his Small-gauge targets and .9710 on his 20-gauge birds.

Brown was the star of both the big Lordship shoot at Bridgeport in June and the Pan American. He won two titles at Lordship, the High-over-all with 295 out of 300, the .410 race with 99 out of 100, and he broke 99 out of 100 in the All-bore competition.

At the Pan American, staged in Dallas, Texas, last May, he won three major championships, the High-over-all with 444 out of 450, the Small-gauge with 74 out of 75, the Sub-small with 73 out of 75 and broke 224 out of 225 in the All-bore (one target behind winner Charlie King), and 73 out of 75 in the 20-gauge contest.

At the Indianapolis Nationals, Brown broke 99 out of 100 in the Small-bore race, taking second place to Billy Perdue, the winner. He broke 246 out of 250 in the All-bore race which helped win the Father and Son championship.

S. L. HUTCHESON

S. L. Hutcheson, Greenwich, Connecticut, won the National 20-gauge championship at Indianapolis with 100 straight hits in the regular event and 25 straight in the shoot-off. His first major victory last year was the Sea Island 20-gauge championship, another 100 straight. Hutch didn't do bad on his 20-gauge clays last season, in fact he rung up the unbelievable average of .9830 on 800 registered birds. Among his other important victories last year was the New York State .410 championship, the North American Championship with 100 straight, the Sea Island High-over-all, the New York state High-over-all, Lordship Unknown Angle championship with 96 out of 100, and he was a member of the National Five-Man team, champions at Indianapolis, breaking 247 out of 250.

BILLY PERDUE

W. C. "Billy" Perdue, 19-year-old Spring Hill, Alabama, gunner, has a record on his 1941 skeet targets that he can well be proud of. He won at least one or

two skeet titles at every shoot he attended in the south and topped off his year's work by winning the National Small-gauge championship at Indianapolis with 100 straight hits, tying the former world's record made by Kenneth Miller of Texas at St. Louis in 1936.

Among the more important titles held by Billy are the Alabama state All-gauge, which he won with 148 out of 150, the Southeastern Small-gauge, Alabama High-over-all, Gulf States Open championship, Alabama Small-gauge, Gulf States 20-gauge and Alabama 20-gauge. We might also add that Bill teamed up with Charlie Poulton of Texas to win the National Two-Man championship at Indianapolis. Poulton you know broke 250 straight while Perdue crashed 248 out of 250.

The Alabama star, first to win a place on the All-American skeet team, averaged .9810 on his All-gauge targets, .9630 on his 20-gauge and .9560 on his Small-gauge clays last season. Billy is a real estate agent in Mobile. He started shooting in 1937.

SECOND TEAM

We considered others, whom we have placed on our second team. They are Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Michigan; O. L. Baldridge, Terre Haute, Indiana; W. P. Ragsdale, Boston, Massachusetts; Landon Cullum, San Antonio, Texas; Gerald Batten, Chicago; John O. Ginter, Jacksonville, Florida; Bill Clark, Chicago; Don Sperry, Flint, Michigan; D. Lee Braun, (Professional high average leader with .9960 on 1,025 registered targets) from Austin, Texas, and Tom Mettler of Bakersfield, California.

WOMEN GUNNERS

Women skeet gunners enjoyed their greatest year, with Diana Bolling, Greenwich, Connecticut; Mrs. Barr Patterson, Chicago, Ill.; Jane Hoffman, Lakeview, O.; Pat Laursen, Akron, O.; Mrs. Morrie Orr, New York, N.Y.; Mrs. C. A. Thomas, Dayton, O.; Mrs. Harold McCutchan, Evansville, Ind.; Mrs. Le Roy Childs, Lake Kerr, Florida; Mrs. Rose M. Palmer, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Younghusband, Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. J. E. Ellis of Jacksonville, Florida, the most outstanding.

Pat Laursen broke 100 straight to win the Ohio 20-gauge championship while Mrs. J. C. Ellis won the Florida All-gauge with 98 out of 100. Diana Bolling had another great year, winning the Women's Delaware Open with 99 out of 100, the New York State Women's All-gauge with 99 out of 100 and the Metropolitan Open 20-gauge with 98 out of 100.

We might also add that she broke 99 out of 100 in the National 20-gauge race.

Mrs. C. A. Thomas copped the Ohio Valley with 98 out of 100 and she broke 97 out of 100 to tie for the women's trapshooting championship at the Grand American. Mrs. Rose Palmer crashed 97 out of 100 to cop the Women's Great Western All-gauge and Mrs. Harold McCutchan won the Great Lakes Women's championship with 98 out of 100. Dotty Orr's greatest triumph was the Adirondack Women's 20-gauge, where she scored 97 out of 100 and Mrs. J. L. Younghusband copped the Illinois Women's championship with 96 out of 100.

Heads Trapshooters In Defense Role



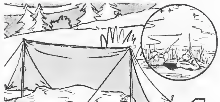
Charlie Newcomb, Philadelphia, former National trapshooting champion, has been named Trapshooting Representative of the National Sports Board, Division of Physical Fitness of the Office of Civilian Defense. Mr. Newcomb has appointed nine Regional Directors: W. E. Beers, Connecticut; T. C. Marshall, Delaware; L. G. Dana, Pennsylvania; Isaac Andrews, South Carolina; Rock Jenkins, Indiana; Vic Reinders, Wisconsin; E. R. Maetzold, Minnesota; R. A. King, Texas, and Sam Sharman, Utah. These Regional Directors will appoint State Representatives who will in turn appoint instructors in trapshooting at the various gun clubs in their respective states.

Gun Owners Establish Favorable Safety Record

Gun owners need not be ashamed of their safety record, according to C. B. Lister, secretary-treasurer of the National Rifle Association. Speaking before the New York Conservation Council at Rochester, N. Y., recently, he stated that only 2,400 of nearly 100,000 fatal accidents occurring in this country in 1940 were caused by firearms.

"Automobiles caused 15 times as many fatalities," Mr. Lister said. "Simple falls caused 11 times as many. Fires and drownings each caused three times as many. On the basis of all the accident claims filed with the accident insurance companies in 1940," he continued, "baseball was responsible for four times as many as hunting. Winter sports—sledding, tobogganing, skiing and ice skating—caused three time as many accidents as hunting.

"Believe it or not, golf caused three times the number of accidents. So did tennis. You might have trouble in making mothers believe it, but the cold, unbiased figures of the accident insurance companies show that picnics and similar outings were responsible for 50% more claims than hunting."


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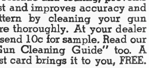
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SPORTING DOGS

• PETER BOGGS, Editor

Housing Your Dog

It Is Important to Give Thought to Kennel for Your Dog

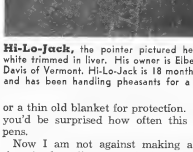
Too little thought is often given by the dog owner to the proper and most suitable place in which to house the animal. The following suggestions are directed at the owner of one, two or three dogs, but many of the ideas expressed can be applied by the person keeping a number of dogs. To start off with, let's consider the person owning a hunting dog for the first time.

Once he has acquired the dog, the problem arises as to the best place to keep him. Just any old place won't do. It is unwise economy to pay a good price for a hunting dog and then quarter him in an unsuitable place where there is danger of him contracting a fatal illness.

This little scene is enacted far too often all over this country. The man of the household decides to buy a dog. His first hunting dog. Maybe he has just been told by his business friends, or the family doctor, that he needs a hobby. One that will take his mind off of business and afford him outdoor exercise. He has heard many of his friends extol the pleasures they have had hunting. This seems like a good solution to his problem. He will get a gun, clothes, and other equipment and try it out. After purchasing these items he is told he should have a dog. So, he buys a dog. He can't afford an older, trained dog so he buys a puppy. "I will buy a book and train the dog," he tells himself.

The day comes when the pup arrives at his new home. He is a cute little fellow and the whole family makes quite a fuss over him. He is gorged with food and petted. Then night comes and it is time for the family to retire. Each member of the family had his own ideas as to the proper place for the pup to sleep. The children want him in their room. Father vetoes that idea. This is his hunting dog and not a family pet. He thinks the kitchen beside the stove, where the dog can keep warm, is the proper place tonight. Over the weekend he will fix a place back of the garage. His wife says nix on the kitchen, that down cellar is the proper place for the pup. Down cellar the dog goes.

The cellar is damp, but nobody seems to notice that. The weekend comes and goes. Relatives from the city come out for the day so nothing can be done about building the proposed kennel back of the garage. The children quickly tire of playing with the puppy and he spends more and more time in the cellar. True, he is tied up outside occasionally, but the majority of his time is spent in the cellar. Two weeks later the dog becomes sick. At first he doesn't seem quite as peppy. Then he won't eat his food. A few days later he dies. Literally killed by being kept in the cellar. He had contracted a fatal cold by being forced to sleep on the damp, cold floor with only newspapers



Hi-Lo-Jack, the pointer pictured here, is white trimmed in liver. His owner is Elbert G. Davis of Vermont. Hi-Lo-Jack is 18 months old, and has been handling pheasants for a year.

or a thin old blanket for protection. Yes, you'd be surprised how often this happens.

Now I am not against making a dog sleep in the cellar. It isn't the best place to house a dog but some cellars are warm and a place can be properly fixed for a dog. A dog, especially a puppy, needs plenty of sunlight and fresh air and the cellar should be used only in emergencies and only as a sleeping place at night. During the daytime keep him outdoors.

It is a good investment to erect a durable and permanent kennel whenever possible. Even if you own only one dog it is wise to give some real thought to providing him with his own living quarters.

A satisfactory and inexpensive kennel setup can be accomplished in the following manner. Secure a large barrel and set it up on its side four inches above the ground. Cover the top and sides with heavy tar paper. Make sure that all nails used to fasten the tar paper that protrude inside are clenched over. Over the open end of the barrel hang a heavy piece of canvas. To make certain that this will flap down over the opening, hem in a small amount of sand along the bot-



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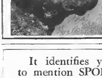
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tom edge. Cover the floor of the barrel with a liberal amount of cedar shavings or other bedding material.

Outside of the barrel put up a heavy piece of wire stretched between two trees or posts. Attach to this wire a chain lead that will run freely along the wire and one that is long enough so that when it is snapped to the dog's collar the animal will be able to go inside the barrel without any difficulty.

One of the first things to consider when erecting a more or less permanent kennel is to locate a piece of ground that has good drainage. Try to pick a spot that has a sandy or very porous soil. A sloping piece of ground is excellent. Also try to find a place that will afford plenty of sunlight. Sunlight is exceptionally important to puppies but older dogs too need their share of it. In addition to sunlight, the place chosen must also have some shade for the dog to lie in during the warm summer months.

How large should a kennel yard or run be? To my mind it is not necessary to provide a dog with a large run. A hunting dog should get his exercise in the field and not be expected to get the majority of it in a wired-in pen. I have found that a dog gets along better in a medium sized kennel yard, providing that at least once each day he is taken out and allowed to run free for a short time. It is true that a dog will get a certain amount of exercise while kenneled-up, but it is not the type of exercise that makes a happy animal. Space and location are the determining factors in laying out a kennel yard but it isn't absolutely necessary that it be a large one.

In building a kennel house for your dog do not make the mistake that almost everyone does. That is putting the door opening in the front center of the building. For some reason this seems to have become the accepted place for the door opening, but it is perhaps the worst place for it. When the wind blows through a center opening, the dog inside has great difficulty in escaping the draft. Drafts and dampness are the two things that must be avoided in a dog's kennel. They can stand almost any amount of cold providing there are no drafts and they are free from dampness. The proper place to put a door is on the far side of the front of the kennel.

When erecting the building keep these things in mind. Don't make it too large. Build it so that it can be easily cleaned. Either fix it so the roof can be removed or hinge one side so that it will open up enabling you to reach in and clean its most inaccessible corners. The building should rest on a foundation so that the floor will be at least four inches above the ground. A double, thick floor with an inch or two of air space in between is best. It doesn't have to be a place of architectural beauty. It is more important that it be so constructed as to be tight and warm in winter and cool in summer. One or two small windows or a roof that can be propped up to give ventilation in the summer should be incorporated in the plans.

As to size, you can work on the basis that a kennel house for two dogs should be five feet square, four feet high in front,

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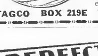
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three feet high in back with a slanting, well shingled roof. Place the kennel so that it faces south and include a platform outside for the dog or dogs to lie on.

If you don't own a dog now but are considering buying one, don't do it until you first arrange for a place to keep him. Many times in the past I have been asked by friends to give them advice on buying a dog. Often they have requested that I go with them and help pick a pup out of a litter. They are a little aghast when I accept only on one condition. That is that first they fix up a suitable place for the dog. Some have said they weren't sure they were going to buy this or that prospective dog, so why go to the bother of making a kennel for the dog just then. My reply has always been that the first step in buying a dog is to arrange for a place to keep him. And this is true.

When Dog Garbages

I DON'T know what the fascination is, but no matter how well a dog may be fed at home, for some reason a neighbor's garbage pail has tremendous appeal. It is extremely difficult to break a dog of the habit of visiting the back steps of the neighborhood, I know. One of my pointers took great delight in trying to exist on food taken from my neighbors' garbage pails. Nothing I did would break him of this dangerous habit. Finally, in desperation, I purchased three covers that were supposed to be dog proof and gave them to my neighbors. That stopped the trouble for awhile; that is, until he discovered other residents of the town also threw away unused food scraps.

I finally cured my dog of this habit by taking the time to follow him whenever he started off on one of these back-step piracy jaunts. I would catch him in the act and severely scold him, sometimes lightly whipping him with a folded newspaper.

I mention this because garbaging is a dangerous habit for any dog to have. Material deadly poisonous to dogs finds its way by accident into garbage pails. Not only are minor stomach upsets often caused by eating garbage, but there is great danger of its causing the death of your pet. A dog that is successful in obtaining unplanned meals regularly from garbage pails should, for his own protection, be given a teaspoonful or two of milk of magnesia twice weekly.

FEEDING HORSE MEAT

Until about 25 years ago meat for dogs had been limited to beef, mutton and, occasionally, pork. Then a few experimenting owners began feeding horseflesh. At the time there was considerable propaganda against it, but scientific laboratory tests proved that horse meat had just as many nutritive qualities as the other kinds of meat. There are still many dog owners who will not give their pets horse meat, yet on the market today are canned dog foods the base of which is horse meat. You might be interested to know that reindeer, whale and fish are also canned as food for dogs.



High bred pointer, Spunky Village Girl, is shown on quail in Missouri. E. H. Castle of Illinois is her owner.

Rambling Thoughts . . .

RATHER upset to call on *Gold Sanders*, managing editor of the Jacksonville *Journal* and learn his Pointer had died as the result of a rattlesnake bite while hunting on New Year's day. Sanders thought a lot of this dog and I had looked forward to shooting quail over him after hearing Sanders tell about him during these last few years when I have called on him at his office. This year I had planned to accept his annual invitation to hunt with him. . . . Mentioning New Year's day reminds me that I wish I had sold *Billy Hanahan*, of Charleston, S.C., on the idea of selling me that little "deer" hound pup I liked so much. He and his father *Ross Hanahan* own a great pack of hounds. New Year's day I was their guest at their plantation "Millbrook" and succeeded in bagging a deer and one wild turkey. . . . Enjoyed watching *Dr. S. O. Black* handle *Miss Claudia Phelp's* "Homerun Colossal" in the Members' All-Age of The South Carolina Club's trials at Sumter. He placed third. . . . Reports coming in that quail shooting in Mississippi has been excellent this winter with plenty of birds around. . . . *C. C. "Nick" Stephens* of Washington, D.C., is still receiving compliments for his grand job of judging at the Maryland Sporting Dog Association trials. . . . Sorry to have to report the death of another staunch and valuable member of the bird dog fraternity, *William "Bill" Mouch*, of Columbus, Ohio, died as the result of a hunting accident near Bowling Green. . . . Dogs I would like to own: I'd be satisfied with just one this month providing it was *F. Dwight-Foster's* "Lenape E Z-Stride," a swell looking white and liver ticked Pointer. . . . Field Trials scheduled for this month:

March 16—Virginia Amateur Field Trial Association's at Orange, Va.

March 20—Southern Ohio Field Trial Association's.

March 25—Northern Indiana Field Trial Club's at Winamac, Indiana.

March 28—Venango Grouse Trial Club's at Fryburg, Pa.

March 28—Central Ohio Field Trial Club's at Mt. Victory, Ohio.

March 30—Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Association's at Leedstown, Va.

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Feeding Your Dog

FEED your dog at approximately the same hour each day. Some people believe in feeding grown dogs only once a day; however, I think they should receive something in the morning followed by their main meal at night. All my dogs have shredded wheat and milk in the morning. Once or twice a week a raw egg is added to this.

Dogs are a lot smarter than we are about eating. Sometimes they will cure themselves of minor ailments by refusing food. Never leave your dog's food dish in front of him for over 10 minutes. If he refuses to eat in that length of time, the food should be taken away and he should not be fed until his next regular meal hour.

A dog not fed at a regular scheduled time each day will be looking for and expecting food all the time. You'll be surprised what a difference it will make in your pet's behavior if he is fed at about the same time each day.

ANEMIA

Dogs suffer with many of the same diseases and illnesses that we humans do. Anemia, which is a deficiency of red blood corpuscles, is one such illness. The symptoms of anemia are that the mucous lining of the eyelids and gums and the mouth and lips becomes pale and bleached. The dog becomes listless and has a great thirst, at times runs a temperature. To correct such a condition, place the dog on a strict diet of raw meat supplemented by small doses of a good iron tonic. With reasonable care and attention a dog can be easily cured of anemia.

Questions and Answers

WATER FOR DOG

Question—I hunt my dog usually from sunrise to sunset. During this time how much water should I give him?—*G. L., Jackson, Mississippi.*

Answer—Your dog should have water as often as he can get it. By that I mean allow the dog to drink whenever he comes across water.

SPAYED HUNTING DOG

Question—I have the chance to purchase a five months old Beagle puppy that has been spayed. Do you think I would be wise in purchasing a spayed dog for hunting?—*L. C. N., Duluth, Minnesota.*

Answer—Just because the dog has been spayed is no indication that it will affect her hunting ability.

BOILED MILK?

Question—When I boil milk for my litter of Pointer puppies a scum forms on the surface. Should this be removed before giving it to the puppies?—*D. B. L., Tampa, Florida.*

Answer—No. This film contains calcium salts which are very beneficial for growing puppies.

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HORACE MITCHELL
EDITOR

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Up and Down With Game Birds in a War

As you have probably realized before this, it is a queer situation that faces the game breeding industry this coming breeding season.

There is a scrambled mixture of good news and bad news. Some breeders, both professional and amateur, say, "Your guess is as good as mine about how it all is going to come out." And they let it go at that; working along from day to day with what there is available to do with.

Others see only the bright spots. Still others only the dull ones. But it seems to me the true picture lies in-between.

Grain is high. But, at least in the most prosperous localities, the price of poultry and eggs has not advanced as much as some other foods. Poultry and eggs are mentioned because game breeding and chicken ranching are allied fairly closely.

Prices on breeding stock and hatching eggs for game farming should be higher this year. Just as the price of poultry and eggs ought to be higher. But if game breeders to any considerable number go out of business and dump their stock on the market, the whole price range is going to be badly depressed. That is what has already happened in the poultry field in a good many localities.

If you are considering selling out, even if you have only a few birds, it would be better to sell to some other breeder if you feel that you must dispose of your birds quickly and at any price you can get.

Selling in the open market—at retail but with wholesale prices—makes it that much harder for others to obtain prices which justly compensate them for their work and their investment.

So far no priorities have hit the live-stock field. It does not seem likely that any will. For the need now is for all the food that can be raised.

Game birds are, essentially, a food. Not quite as much a luxury item as they were 20 years ago. Yet still they border on that classification.

Hunting is not a necessary war work. But, and here is something to remember, hunting is good preliminary training for soldiers. And, also, it is splendid relaxation.

MONEY IN RABBITS—CAVIES
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Everybody admits that the boys who are pushing out seven days of hard work a week in defense—no, not "defense" any longer.—attack industries have absolutely got to have some time during the year to refresh themselves. There's got to be a break every so often or there will be a break down.

Thousands of us know what we will do with our "breaks." We'll get a license and some shells and tramp through the open, sit a little, smell a lot, see new things, and come back with a soul full of hope.

But the old hope isn't going to be so spunky if there isn't a bird or two in the bag.

Which brings up the problems which state game farms are facing. Like other such establishments, their labor problem is serious. But it doesn't take young fighters to feed and raise birds. Women can do it. So can those too old—too old according to what the regulations say—to wear a uniform. So can the kids that are too young.

A hobby like game farming helps to keep your mind off the things it does no good to think too much about.

STATE game commissioners are beginning to worry about finances. A good chunk of money comes from non-resident hunting licenses. Nobody knows yet whether this sum for 1942 will be almost as high as usual or somewhat lower.

A sizable decrease in income means that a smaller quantity of birds can be raised on the state farms.

That is where the amateur with a little land and a couple of broody hens comes in. He can take eggs, or even a pen of breeders, from the state and go to it. Unless his means of earning a living is badly out of gee he can easily manage the small expense involved. Such a plan would divide up the costs among many. It would go a long way toward preparing for the future.

Retail businessmen throughout the country have been told by most of the larger manufacturers that this present dislocation should not last more than about two years.

That is an important fact for game farmers. It means that probably in something approaching that length of time general civilian spending is going to open up. There will be a big backed-up lake of demand and business ought to boom.

Meanwhile in the areas made superprosperous by war industries there is money to be spent and not such a big variety of things to spend it on. The average attack worker is living extra well. If he is living on a farm or has an acre or so available for a hobby he can help out the state and help out field sports by raising a few birds for liberation.

Those that are hoping to do some work of this kind this year should start the preliminaries right now. Get a letter off to your state game commissioner asking him if he has birds or eggs available for free distribution. Investigate the possibilities of obtaining broody hens.

And here's a tip that will also answer several letters recently received: Bantams are, of course, best. But if you can't get 'em, light weight usual-size hens will do. If you can't get those, then the heavy breeds are a last resort.

The usefulness of a foster mother depends a good deal on her disposition. I've seen some giant "old horses" of Plymouth Rocks that were just as careful as a fat man on thin ice over deep water. And Leghorns that forgot 75 per cent of their nervousness in motherhood. With bantams, however, it doesn't matter if they are somewhat clumsy because they are light enough not to hurt the young game birds to any serious extent.

If you are going to buy stock or hatching eggs this spring, attend now to getting them.

Delivery can be made any time during April or May and birds fit to be released or sold will come from eggs laid the last of May. The earlier eggs and the earlier hatchings are generally considered to be better, however. That's why the breeders are justified in asking a high price for them.

Breeding stock should be in your pens as quickly as you can get them there. Do not expect good results from birds transported after or immediately before laying starts.

So, you can see, looking at the picture of national conditions as a whole, things are not too bad. Even those who are being crowded out of business say, "It's tough, but if we can only get set for total war quickly a little hardship now is better than a lot of hardship later. Certainly we don't want to go the way France went!"

And when it is all over there will still be the woods and fields. There will still be birds and dogs and guns. And shots that hit and shots that miss. If we've done our fighting well there'll be the satisfaction that we gave those so-so's a run for their money!

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

East Coast Fishing

(Continued from page 61)

ize this idea of "getting away" after the big ones—especially popular today when the problem of National Defense requires everyone to keep in trim no matter how hard he is forced to work.

There are practically no places the businessman-sportsman cannot get to, practically overnight, from New York and environs. Exciting places such as the Gulf Stream off Miami Beach, Boca Grande, Everglades. Shark River, the Ten Thousand Islands and Useppa Island. Leaving Florida, we have the famed big game fishing grounds of Cat Cay and Bimini, both in the Bahama Islands, some 60 miles east of Miami.

TO WESTWARD and the Gulf of Mexico we find the Southwest Pass, off New Orleans, and Great Aransas Pass and Port Isabel, Texas, justly graded A-1 for the huge tarpon schools, which spend much time at all three places.

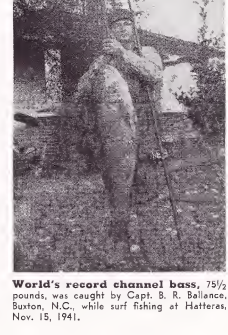
It will be a smart thing this winter and spring to board one of Eastern Air Lines' evening planes Friday night, arriving in Miami the next morning early—and then having two full days for fishing before returning Sunday night refreshed for that Monday morning appointment. Now, to those who have never had the opportunity to travel by plane at night, air transportation is not only the fastest method of traveling, but is the most comfortable one can enjoy. Leaving the ground your big twin motor ship starts to climb and as the dark earth falls away below you, gray clouds move in to greet your ascending ship. You seem to be in a new world as you look downward between the wispy clouds as they move rapidly past your cabin windows.

The roar of the twin motors will change as your ship reaches altitude. For a moment they may seem to hesitate and be out of synchronization, but the next second their voices become a single hum of ease and you will be flying at cruising speed and the change in the pitch of the propellers will reduce the roar. Eight hours after leaving New York Airport you will see the sun rise over Florida and be eating breakfast in Miami.

Although fishing for tarpon and other game fish is not at its peak during the winter months, some tarpon fishing can be found along the Gulf coast from New Orleans westward down the Texas coast. Tarpon, like many other gamefish, are usually attracted to the inshore waters of Florida during the late spring months when the temperature of the water is very warm. The high spots in Florida are around Boca Grande, Everglades and the Ten Thousand Islands.

The Keys are also very productive at times, as shown by the 190 pound tarpon catch made by Norman C. Lee, of New York, while fishing with Captain Bill Powell, off Knight's Channel, Marathon.

As we review the fishing grounds of our Atlantic coastal states, we discover that the warm Gulf Stream, originating in the Gulf of Mexico and passing northward around the Florida Keys up our eastern coast, has a very strong influence upon the marine life. The high salinity of the waters of the Gulf, caused by the great amount of evaporation, may cause our tropical fishes to seek the current of the Stream.



World's record channel bass, 75½ pounds, was caught by Capt. B. R. Ballance, Buxton, N.C., while surf fishing at Hatteras, Nov. 15, 1941.



JOIN THE LIARS' CLUB. The Liars' Club is an organization which meets every month on the back page. It is intended for those who enjoy the telling of "Tall Tales" on sporting subjects and who like to give their imaginations free rein. You are invited to take part. All who submit "Tall Tales" will receive the official membership card and Liars' License of the Club, regardless of whether or not their stories are selected for publication. Address *The Liars' Club, Sports Afield, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Two on One

LIVING and guiding among the lakes where the world's largest muskies make their home, I must tell you boys of some of my experiences with the big fellows.

There was the time my wife tried to net a five pound bass and a muskie came along and grabbed bass, net and all only to jab the handle of the net into a sand bar and hang himself. I have often been bothered with them grabbing the brass tip of an oar, making me get slightly off my course while trolling.

But my greatest thrill came last fall while out on Grindstone Lake casting for bass. It was a calm and very bright day and we were casting near the islands. I thought I saw a couple of 30-pounders follow up the bass lure, so I at once put on a muskie lure and made a long cast parallel with the bar. Sure enough, I got not one strike, but two. One muskie grabbed the plug and the other muskie grabbed the shadow of the plug as it flitted over the calm surface of the water. We played them the usual way, as we had no gun. When the hooked muskie came alongside the boat, we used a club.

The part that thrilled us was that the second muskie was caught on and still fast to the shadow, so of course the club shadow fell on the other muskie and stunned it also, and we landed both these fine, beautiful specimens.—*Harry W. Mutimer, Hayward, Wis.*

•

East-West System

FISHING SUCCESS in the Arkansas Ozarks streams depends upon the position of the sun in relation to the creek. A person trying this trick upon a badly situated stream might not get results and so brand it a lie.

I discovered the secret while on a fishing trip along Hurricane Creek. A large locust fell into the water and I scuffled two nice bass from the incident, one weighing approximately three and a half pounds, the smaller, slightly over a pound. Experiment has perfected the system.

Along any well-favored Ozark stream running north and south the east bank is shady in the morning, the west bank in the afternoon. The larger, bully-type bass take the shady side, driving the smaller bass to the sunny side. With this in mind, the system becomes simpler.

I use a large home-made fly, built like a locust or cicada. It is made from cork and rides high on the water. I use no hooks. In fishing, I drop this fly in the center of the stream and pull it out just before the two bass strike from opposite sides of the stream, so that the smaller bass dives into the mouth of larger fish, smothering himself, at the same time choking the larger fish.

As I am getting fat and lazy, I now select one well located hole of water and do this seven times without a break since I do not like to have to go into the water to get a single brace of bass but prefer to accumulate 14 before retrieving. The fishing is different in the morning, as the choked, or larger fish, will be on the east side, while in the afternoon they will be on the west side, the shade factor entering here.

The only disadvantage to the system is in states where the legal bag limit is an odd number. I do not care to break the limit and since ours isn't divisible by two, I stop one fish short. It is too much labor to catch the odd fish with hooks.—*Roy E. Williams, Captain, Btry A., 142d FA, Ragley, Louisiana.*

•

Live and Learn

A FRIEND of mine in the U. S. Navy came home to Duluth on a 10-day furlough after a cruise around the world on a training ship. He had many souvenirs and trophies, among them several rare specimens of sawfish. After coaxing and bargaining with him he gave me four tiny sawfish.

I kept them in my basement in a large laundry tub for months, fed them, played with them, then started to train them to do tricks. When they got too large I transferred them out to my cabin and put them in Eagle Lake, eight miles out from Duluth. I installed an enclosure with six-inch cedar posts and wire netting to keep them by themselves. Next morning the sawfish had half of the cedar posts that supported the netting sawed off. Then I erected steel posts. To give the fish exercise, I threw logs in the lake and they sawed them in stove lengths.

Now it's developed into big business. One idea leads to another. We trapped 10 beaver and also trained 25,000 double charged battery lightning bugs. Now the beavers cut large logs and haul them to the lake. Then of course the sawfish saw the logs in stove lengths. When the tide is high and the wind blows the wood is piled up on shore.

The lightning bugs furnish the light so the fish can work nights and dark days. Now if I could give the saw blade on the sawfish's beak a half turn, they could cut all logs up in first class lumber.—*Frank Benoe, Duluth.*



"No dern wonder! You had the instructions turned upside down!"

•

Educatees

ONE time last year when the northern pike season was open I went fishing on a lake in upper New York state. I picked a spot on a bank, and I could see bottom, the water was so clear. I looked in the water and I saw about 12 northern pike about 12 to 15 inches long swimming around a big northern pike about three to four feet long.

I baited the hook and put it right among the fishes. In a flash a little fish grabbed the hook and as I was pulling him in, the big fellow grabbed the line just above the small fish and bit the line in two. As I watched the little fish swim away the big northern pike caught up to him and with his tail gave the little fish a good spanking.

I never went fishing in that lake again because I never heard of anybody catching any fish there. I think that is the lake where they have school and a very fine teacher and all the fishes there are very smart.—*Pvt. M. Terry, Camp Hulen, Texas.*

•

Wood Burning Boat

I HAD an urge to go fishing in the bay so I hired a wood burning boat. We boated and fished along all day. All I caught was a dog fish and a few shiners. It began to get late, the wind was blowing hard. We turned to go in and the motor stopped—no more wood. We were in a fine mess. Then I had an idea—I made the dog fish bark and used the bark for fuel. We got back safely.—*Fred Crews, Tempa, Florida.*

•

Believe It, or Don't—

IN THE hills of West Virginia we used to have an old mule. One fall this mule was standing in our popcorn field when the weather was so hot that the corn started popping. The mule thought it was snow and lay down and froze to death.—*P. F. C. Bill R. Fields, Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

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Nevertheless, you can have a gun as modern as tomorrow just by taking the barrel off your present single-barrel shotgun and having it equipped with Aero-Dyne Super Poly-Choke. For the sensational Poly-Choke gives you *nine-guns-in-one*. A flick of your finger and you have the right choke and pattern for every type of shooting in duck blind . . . in wood or field . . . as well as on the shooting range. Regardless of wind, weather, long or short distance, your Poly-Choke-fitted shotgun enables you to hit *clean* and *sharp* without blasting or mutilating game.

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In thousands of pattern, penetration, and distance tests made by America's top-flight and skeptical experts, Poly-Choke came through 100%. These experts, using average single-barrel shotguns and new crimped shells put Poly-Choke through the most gruelling trials they could devise. Not *once* did they get a bad pattern. "Any ordinary single-barrel shotgun equipped with Poly-Choke is equal to *nine fine guns*," they all emphatically agreed.



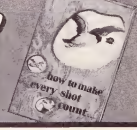
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188 Tunxis St., Hartford, Conn.

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HOW TO MAKE YOUR OLD GUN NEW FOR '42

and get **9-GUNS-IN-1** *on your present single-barrel shotgun*

Now you can have your present single-barrel shotgun equipped to make *you* master of every shooting situation throughout 1942 and the rest of your shooting years. In *just a split-second* you can have the *right* choke and pattern for duck . . . woodcock . . . quail . . . goose . . . crow . . . rabbit . . . pheasant . . . squirrel . . . partridge . . . trap and skeet.

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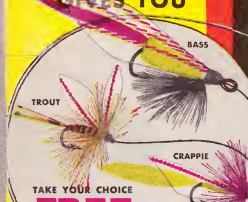
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Complete with 6-Ft. Leader!

for BASS, TROUT, CRAPPIE

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- Hints on Bait Casting
- Selection of Flies for Trout
- Handy Fishermen's Knots
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- Hints on Minnow Fishing
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Get Fishing Secrets, Bargain Catalog, and FREE 50c FLY-&-LEADER

The 10c you send with this coupon covers postage and mailing costs. The 50c "X-Ray" Fly-and-Leader Combination and the Cut Price Catalog with Fishing Secrets are absolutely FREE.

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YOU BET I want that FREE 50c "X-Ray" Fly-and-Leader combination AND your big CUT-PRICE catalog with Fishing Secrets. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover postage and mailing costs.

I want Fly for ☐ BASS ☐ TROUT ☐ CRAPPIE

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